THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE CONTINENTAL IRISH.

Instructive Account of How They Came to Serve in the Armies of France, Austria, Russia, Etc.

How George Browne Slapped a Bigot in the Face With a Lenten Herring.

I must preface my remarks on the Irish exiles who became distinguished in the army, church and senate of almost every country on the continent, with a short sketch of the causes which led to their wholesale expatriation.

The independence of Ireland as a nation was all but lost, for the time at least, when Tyrone and Tyrconnel, the heads of the powerful tribes of O'Neill and O'Donnell, kissed hands at Maynooth and parted forever. O'Neill died at Rome, O'Donnell at Valladolid.

James I. found little difficulty in carrying out his scheme for the plantation of Ulster. Strafford had so well succeeded in crushing the spirit of the Irish by his policy of "thorough," as he called it, that he has able to inform the government of Charles I. that there was no disloyalty among his Irish subjects. Then Cromwell, with the sword in one hand and the bible in the other, purged the country of obnoxious Papists and Royalists. How far he succeeded, let the slaughter at Wexford and Drogheda tell. The "Curse of Cromwell" will always remain painted in red letters on the annals of a country which has seen more unjust prosecutions, more cold-blooded massacres, more vexatious tyranny perpetrated against its inhabitants than any other country on the face of the globe. Charles II. deceived his Irish subjects in promising them spacious reforms for the purpose of extorting large sums of money from them. Needless to say the reforms never came in the shape they were promised. James II. conciliated the Catholic noblemen by allowing them to hold certain government offices, by placing them in command of important towns, and generally by allowing them to live without subjecting them to the persecutions which had been practiced on them incessantly for 500 years. But James' policy did not succeed in England; and the trial of the seven bishops virtually sealed his doom.

The Irish race, harrassed at home by unending persecutions, had sought a refuge in France as early as in the reign of Louis XIII. Among one of the first Irish families of which we find any notice in French history, is that of the Hamiltons. The name speaks of its Scotch origin, but the family was long settled in Ireland, and fled to France to escape the persecutions of Cromwell. Count Antoine Hamilton was born in Ireland in 1646. His mother was a sister of the Duke of Ormonde. As the family came to France soon after the death of Charles I., Hamilton was only a child at this time. He remained in France until the restoration, when he was only fourteen years of age, and then seems to have attached himself to the court of Charles II. Being a Catholic, Charles was unable to confer any civil or military dignity upon him; but James II., upon his accession to the throne, appointed him governor of the city of Limerick, and gave him the command of a regiment. Hamilton, returning to Ireland with James in the spring of 1689, took an important part in the war against the troops of William of Orange, and it was principally owing to his neglecting an order which General Mountcashel had given him, that the Royalist forces were afterwards defeated with such slaughter at Newtown Butler. The memory of Hamilton is preserved to us, not, however, for his deeds as a soldier, but as as literary man. When at the court of Charles II. he became acquainted with the Duc de Gramont, who was then banished from the court of France for venturing to dispute the hand of one of the king's favorites with his royal master. The Duc de Gramont was a courtier of his day. He spent his life in succession of trifles; sought the camp life only when the glamor of the court palled upon him; and again, wearied of campaigning, recreated himself in writing love sonnets in the intervals of the chase and the gaming rooms. This is La Harpe's opinion of Hamilton's "Memoirs of the Duc de Gramont": "Of all frivolous books it is the most agreeable and the most ingenious; it is the work of a fine and subtle spirit accustomed, in the corruption of courts, to know no other vice than ridicule, to cover all with a varnish of elegance, to turn all into pleasure and gaiety."

The biographies tell us that Gramont appears to have been "fixed" by the attractions of Hamilton's sister. It was arranged that Gramont should marry Miss Hamilton at as early a date as possible; but he conveniently forgot his promise, and had actually landed on the French coast when he was overtaken by the brothers, George and Antoine Hamilton. Which of the brothers addressed the Duc we are not told, but it seems some such conversation as this ensued: "Sir," said Hamilton, "have you forgotten anything in England?" "Yes," said Gramont, "I forgot my promise to marry your sister." He returned and fulfilled his promise. It is said that this episode furnished Moliere with the subject of his comedy, "Du Marriage Force."

The ready wit, engaging manners, and pleasant appearance of Gramont made him a favorite in the courts of England and of France. One day Louis XIV. happened to be remarking in the presence of Gramont that he felt old age was beginning to make its impression upon him. "Sir," said Gramont, "kings never age. One counts their good actions, not their years."

It is related that Charles II. once remarked to Gramont that he was the only sovereign in Europe who was waited on at table by his courtiers on their knees. "I should have thought, sir," said Gramont, "they were apologizing to you for the bad fare they were giving you."

Hamilton wrote many other works, of which his "*Jontes*," perhaps, are the best known. Voltaire mentions Hamilton in his "*Temple du Gout*," but it is fair to notice that the latter part of Voltaire's remarks cannot be proved to be true:

> "Apres d' eux le rif Hamilton
> Toujours armé d' un trait qui blesse
> Medisait de l' humaine esp-ce
> Et même d' un peu mieux dit on."

With the keenness of mental perception for which the Irish race has been always remarkable, Hamilton appears to have mastered the subtleties of the French character, for this is how a contemporary biographer describes his all but unique power: "It is Hamilton, a stranger (Irishman), who, after Voltaire, presents to us perhaps the most exact likeness of French humor." He died at St. Germaine in 1720.

Your readers will remember that James II., hearing that William of Orange had landed in England, fled to France. In March, 1690, thirty six line of battle ships, under the command of d'Amfreville, sailed from Brest with 6,000 men on board, for the purpose of rendering assistance to James' forces in Ireland. James himself had come to Ireland a few days previous to the landing of this expedition at Kinsale. For these forces which Louis XIV. had placed under James' command, it was arranged that an equivalent number of Irish troops should be given to the French king. The Irish regiments were assembled at Cork, and arrived at Brest May 1, 1690. These regiments of Montcashel, Dillon and O'Brien, were the core of the Irish Brigade. After the siege of Limerick, and under one of the conditions of the "Violated Treaty," the Irish troops who remained faithful to the Stuart cause, were allowed to embark on ships which the English General Ginkle had provided for them, and in the end of the year 1691 they reached France. These Irish regiments were all incorporated into the Irish Brigade,* and were being continually reinforced by refugees from the Old Country. On the authority of Mr. Walpole† I may state that between 1691 and 1791 no fewer than 475,000 Irish emigrants sought refuge and died in the service of France. The condition into which the ambition of Louis XIV. had then plunged France, did not allow the Irish Brigade a long period of inactivity, for in the year 1693 we find it serving in the Low Countries, where the brave Sarsfield was killed, the same year, at the battle of Landen.

William III. of England had now united all the great powers of Europe into a Grand Alliance against France, and we find records of Irish bravery in all the great battles of the period. The peace of Ryswick scarcely afforded a momentary truce, for all Europe was again plunged into war by the question of the Spanish succession.

The service which Irish soldiers rendered to France in this war will be forever memorable. I will merely refer in passing to the battle of Cremona, where 200 Irishmen saved the town against the Austrian army under the brave Prince Eugene, of Savoy, whom Louis XIV. had driven into the Austrian service by his taunting remark that "a rosary suited him better than a sword."

Every Irishman must feel proud of the high distinctions which his countrymen gained at a time when distinctions were won only by real merit. It was an Irishman, Francis McDonnell, of the county Mayo, an officer in the Austrian service, who saved the life of the French Marshal Villeroi, at Cremona, when on the point of being killed by some Austrian soldiers who were ignorant of his rank. The chaplain and private secretary of Prince Eugene was a son of Captain O'Rorke, one of the O'Rorke's of Breffney.

One of the most distinguished soldiers of this time in the French service was General Arthur Dillon. He was colonel of the regiment of his name, and was lieutenant general at the age of thirty-three. He fought in fifty battles and was never wounded. After his death his widow retired into the convent of the "Dames Anglaises," which to the present day preserves its name of being one of the greatest Catholic educational institutions in France. It is now situated on the Boulevard Victor Hugo, Neuilly.

The character of General Arthur Dillon is drawn in words so flattering that I must give it to you in English, translated literally from the words of his French biographer: "A good husband, a good father, a good friend; learned without pedantry, gay without malice, religious, and above all charitable—he offered to his numerous family the model of all the virtues." This is a fitting character for a great general and a true Irishman.

Through the kindness of M. Lecoy de la Marche, of the College of Archives, of Paris, who generously placed at my disposal the entire collection of his family papers, I was enabled to learn a good deal of the history of many Irish families on the continent of Europe. M. de la Marche is directly descended from an Irish family of the name of O'Hanly (Hanly), and preserves with the most scrupulous care the Irish traditions of his family. The O'Hanlys were originally from the county Roscommon, and appear to have come to France after the treaty of Limerick. Richard (Hanly) O'Hanly was an officer in the French service in 1707; and his son Richard also held the commission of officer. I have seen the original letter which the latter wrote to his wife from Corsica, when sent there for the purpose of suppressing the bandits who were then plundering the island. In this letter he calls his wife "My dear and pretty partner," and signs himself "Your faithful servant." The O'Hanlys were connected with nearly all the Irish families who then were seeking a refuge on the continent of Europe, and among others with the Brownes and Wogans. When a boy I heard a story of an officer of the family of Browne, residing in Ireland, which, reminding me in some way of the high principles and daring valor of Count George Browne, whose history I am going to relate, I feel bound to give you here. Early in this century a militia regiment was quartered in Sligo for the annual training. One of the officers was a George Browne, who always professed the Catholic faith, notwithstanding the insults which such a profession then entailed. Browne happened to be dining off a herring on a certain fast day, and it seems an officer of the name of Gibson made some slighting remarks on Popish superstition. Browne took the herring off his plate and slapped Gibson's face with it. A duel was the result. Gibson fared very badly, and Browne was never molested afterwards in the practice of his religion. My authorities do not say if Count George Browne was connected with the Brownes of Mayo, but I fancy he was, for the O'Hanlys, who were natives of Roscommon, were closely connected with him. He was educated at Limerick, and first entered the Austrian service. Finding, it seems, that his promotion was not as rapid as he wished, he then entered the service of the elector Palatine, and at the end of five years transferred his sword and his fortunes to the court of Russia. Some short time after he entered the Russian service he was fortunate enough to quell a rebellion, and this seems to have brought him so much under the notice of the emperor that from that time his promotion was rapid. In 1737 38 he fought under Marshal Munich against the Ottomans, and distinguished himself by his great bravery and coolness on the field of battle. He was afterwards taken prisoner at Kroza in Hungary, and after being sold as a slave to four masters, for such is the unhappy fate to which prisoners of war were then condemned, he was put up for sale at the public slave market, tied back to back with another slave, and almost naked. He managed to inform the French ambassador at Constantinople of his unfortunate position, who purchased him for 800 ducats. Browne did not stay at Constantinople, but on returning to St. Petersburg discovered a secret plot which the Divan had contrived, and was rewarded with the rank of major-general for his services. On Russia declaring war against Denmark, Peter III. made him second in command. Browne, thinking that the war was unjustifiable, did not conceal his feelings from that autocrat, and he was banished from the court of Russia, but soon restored and made governor of Livionia, which post he held for fifty years. He once tendered his resignation to Catharine II., but the Empress replied, "Death alone will separate us." He seems to have awaited death with the greatest complacency, and had his will and coffin made twenty years before one or the other was needed. He died in 1794, leaving two sons, one of whom entered the Polish service, the other the Austrian. There was a history of his life published at Riga in 1794, but I was unable to find it in the National Library here.

In referring to Count George de Browne, of the Austrian service, the Prince de Ligne speaks of him in the following words: "His great ability as a general was his singularly quick power of perception"; he was a man of pleasing manners, generous to a fault, amiable and attached to his friends. He was a lover of the "fine arts" and of literature. His biographer adds: "He knew by heart Cæsar, Horace, Ovid, Tacitus, Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau."

MICHAEL J. JORDAN, B. A.

—*Boston Pilot.*

* O'Callaghan's History of the Irish Brigades.

† Walpole's History of the Kingdom of Ireland. McGeoghan's History, Vol. III., p. 784.

Local Catholic News.

St. James' church is to have a grand new organ. It will be ready for use by the 1st of October.

The new Church of St. Martin's, in Bridgeport, will be solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Feehan next Sunday morning.

A concert will be given early in June in St. Stanislaus' Hall, on Eighteenth and Halsted streets, for the benefit of the parochial schools of the Sacred Heart Parish.

The Rev. F. S. Hennebery, of St. Pius church, will deliver a lecture in Central Music Hall, May 26. Subject: "Chicago to Jerusalem." The proceeds will be applied toward the completion of the new church.

The Rev. Father Thomas F. Cashman, delivered his celebrated lecture, "A Tour Through Ireland," in St. Malachy's Hall, Western avenue and Walnut street, Sunday. The proceeds are to be used for the St. Vincent de Paul's Society.

Bids Wanted.

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned until 8 p. m., Monday, May 18, for the privileges of the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association, corner of Lincoln and Polk streets, said privileges to include the sale of all refreshments, except intoxicating liquors, from May 24 to Oct 1. The Board of Directors reserve the right to reject any and all bids. The highest bid not necessarily accepted.

F. J. RYAN, Secretary,
164 E. Randolph st.

THE BEST medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The most distressing symptoms yield to it.

Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

BEAUTIFUL KILLARNEY.

The Best Proportioned of all Nature's Fair Scenes is Found in the "Kingdom of Kerry."

Mr. O'Neill Russell Draws a Charming Picture of "the Eden of the West."

BY T. O. RUSSELL.

[*From Nature's Realm*]

The great fleet of ocean steamers will soon be taking thousands of Americans over the Atlantic to enjoy the mild summer and varied scenery of Europe. Most Americans who go to Europe in search of the picturesque come back to their native land disappointed, although, it may be, wiser. Those in search of the beautiful do not need to go outside of this continent to find it, but it would seem that no matter what new places of scenic interest may abound in America, its wealthy classes are not satisfied with them, for the annual exodus over the Atlantic is ever increasing in volume.

Great Britain receives a large share of the wealthy American tourists, but Ireland, in spite of the fact of its being the nearest part of Europe to America, receives only a comparatively small part of them. They hasten on to the continent, Switzerland being the bourne for which most of them aim. Notwithstanding the fact that Ireland is the nearest part of Europe to America, it is less like America in a scenic point of view than is any other part of the Old World. A native of almost any part of the Mississippi valley, were he transported to the steppes of Southern Russia or to the banks of the Loire or the Elbe, would not notice any very marked difference in the aspect of the country from the land in which he had been raised; but the American who visits Ireland for the first time will find himself in a country so strange in aspect and so unlike his own, that he will imagine he is in another planet instead of on the other side of the Atlantic.

Except some favored spots in Switzerland or France, there is no spot of European soil more famed for beauty than Killarney. Its very name is beautiful, as any one can know who has heard Balfe's grand song, "Killarney." No sounds more harmonious or more fitted for a refrain could be uttered by the organs of speech. The name signifies in Gaelic, the church of the sloe or wild plum tree. The real name of the lake or the chain of lakes, which is the great charm of Killarney, is Loch Lein, but the latter name is now almost obsolete.

Before attempting to describe Killarney, it will be well to give the reader an extract from Macaulay's "History of England." The passage is a masterpiece of prose. It is a sketch of the scenic characteristics of that part of Ireland where the famous lakes are situated:

"The southwestern part of Kerry is now well known as the most beautiful tract in the British Isles. The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far out into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets brawling down rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves, in which wild deer find covert, attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with business and the pleasures of great cities. The beauties of that country are often, indeed, hidden in the mist and rain that the west wind brings up from the boundless ocean. But on rare days, when the sun shines out in all his glory, the landscape has a freshness and warmth of coloring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil; the arbutus thrives better than in Calabria; the turf has a livelier hue than elsewhere; the hills glow with a richer purple; the varnish of the holly and the ivy is more glossy, and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green."*

Macaulay, in spite of his Celtic name, was a fierce hater of Ireland and the Irish, and there is no reason to suppose that the above most wonderful word painting was evoked by any liking for the land it describes.

The American who expects to find the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains in Killarney will be wofully disappointed. The entire area of the beauties of Killarney is hardly more than ten or twelve miles square. It could be ridden round in a day. The most wonderful of the many wonders of Killarney is the variety of scenery in so small a compass. In this respect no other part of the known world can compare with it. Every possible phase of nature, everything she could do with land and water, can be found in Killarney, and found on a little spot of earth hardly as large as Manhattan Island. Mountains, lakes, rivers, rocks, woods, waterfalls, flowery islands, green meadows and glistening strands, almost exhaust nature's materials for forming the beautiful. But all are found at Killarney. Man, who mars nature so often, has helped her here, for the castles and abbeys he raised of yore still stand, and their ivy and flower decked ruins, tenanted only by the bat and the bee, put the finishing touch on this earthly Eden, and make it one of the scenic wonders of the world.

Another wonderful thing about Killarney is the admirable proportion that its scenic features bear to one another. If the mountains were any higher they would be too high for the lakes, and if the lakes were any bigger they would be too big for the mountains. Even the rivers and waterfalls are in almost exact proportion to the other phases of nature. The monstrous Mississippi or the thundering Niagara would spoil such a miniature paradise, but the limpid Laune and O'Sullivan's babbling cascade suit it exactly. Killarney is the most perfect effort of nature to bring together without disproportion, all her choicest charms.

Small as Killarney is, it would take at least a week, or perhaps two weeks, to see it and know all its loveliness. It is only on foot and without hurry that its beauties can be seen in perfection. Its mountains may be ascended and glorious views of sea and craggy heights obtained; but the charm of Killarney is not grandeur, but beauty. There are mountain views in America finer than can be had from the summits of Mangerton or Carn Thual. It would be waste of time to climb these hills. Let the tourist rather wander in the hundreds of shady lanes or paths that skirt the lakes, or take a boat and navigate that most picturesque river, for its length in the world, the Long Range, that connects the upper with the lower lake. Let him mark the wondrous luxuriance of grass, leaf, weed and flower. The arbutus grows so large that it becomes a tree. Ferns of such gigantic proportions may be found in shady nooks that they seem to belong to some far back geological age. Softness, freshness, luxuriance and *beauté riante* are the real glories of Killarney. In these it has no rival.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

* Macaulay's History of England, Vol. I., p. 294.

THE WIDOW MAGINN.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

You'll ne'er find the like of a jewel so rare,
Though you travel from Donoughmore up to the Glenties—
The peer of this widow, so buxom and fair,
And faith! she is scarcely well out of her twenties;
She is modest and shy, yet there's fire in her eye
That would coax you to woe her, and tempt you to win—
Och! the whole parish round from Knockdhu to the Pound
Is sighin' and dyin' for Mrs. Maginn—
Young men and old men
Timid and bold men
Whinin' and pinin' for Mrs. Maginn!

If Tom Maginn knew it, he'd start from his grave,
Like a son that he was of our own Tipperary,
And knock into smithers the head of each knave
Who is tazin' and vexin' his desolate Mary;
But sleep, Tom asthore, in your grave in Dunmore,
Your comin' would be but a shame and a sin,
For I know by her sighs, and her dark laughin' eyes
Such tazin' is honey to Mary Maginn!—
To the dashin' young Mary
Of Mid-Tipperary—
Oh, the Vaynus of Ireland is Mary Maginn!

Her cheeks are as soft as the down on a swan,
Her robes in their flow are bewitchingly simple;
I know eyes that are lost once their gaze falls upon
Her roguish red lips, and her sweet saucy dimple;
And her elegant waist, 'tis the smallest at last
The towns or the counties of Munster within—
Oh no lass in the land has the lily white hand
And the lovely wee feet of the Widow Maginn,
While her dark orbs in splendor,
So lovin' and tender,
Are the pride and the glory of Mrs. Maginn.

I know not which bouchal the creature will choose;
But the boy, who in sweet jubilation,
Will step like a king into Tom Maginn's shoes,
Will be cock o' the walk in creation;
For with her by his side, as his lovin' young bride,
He'll be envied by women and men,
As she leans on his breast, and he lulls her to rest—
The coy, blushin' Widow Maginn,
While he steals through that slumber
Fond smacks without number
From the lips of the Widow Maginn!

Now boys of the barony, stand to your feet,
Or else with my curse I'll upbraid ye,
And drink to the rosy cheeks, pleasant and sweet,
And the soft, winnin' ways of this lady:
May she change her ould ring for a new one next spring,
And accept of your servant, Ned Flynn,
For a bridegroom to care, in his keeping for o'er,
The beautiful widow Maginn—
To fondle and treasure,
In love and in pleasure,
And all without measure, his Mary Maginn!

OBITUARY.

MR. HENRY PRENDERGAST.

Henry Prendergast, father of T. H. Prendergast, who lately arrived from Claremorris, county Mayo, Ireland, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas F. Sloyan, No. 3037 Deering street, on the 25th ult., at the ripe old age of 70 years. He left Ireland on the 2d of April in the enjoyment of good health, but owing to a long fatiguing journey he contracted a severe cold on the way which brought about pneumonia, and culminated in his death. Although old in years, his death is much lamented.

He was obliged to leave his native land and the homestead of his fathers with the many tender memories attached to them, owing to the death of his wife and son and two daughters in Ireland. His daughter in this city went after him that he might spend his declining years among his family, of whom there are three living in Chicago. Mr. Prendergast was attended with zealous care by the Rev. Father Dowling, vicar general of this diocese, who administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Father Dowling called on the sufferer daily until he passed away. The funeral took place on April 27 from St. Bridget's church, where solemn requiem high mass was celebrated. The surviving members of his family, including Mrs. Ellen Kenney and sons of Cleveland, O., were present, together with a large number of friends. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Deceased was a sterling Nationalist of the old school, a devoted Christian, a loving father, an upright and conscientious man, and a fine specimen of the Celtic race. Among those who were noticed at the funeral were Richard O'Connell and daughter, Patrick Prendergast, North Market street; Patrick Prendergast, Englewood; T. J. Prendergast and wife, Denis O'Connor, Thomas McManus and family, J. J. Higgins, Michael Hanly and family, Mrs. Gibbons and family, Malachy Murphy, James Dunn, Daniel Clifford, William Cullinane, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rickey, John Walsh, Mrs. Thomas and Patrick Cleary and families, and many others.

Mr. T. H. Prendergast and sisters desire to express their sincere thanks through THE CITIZEN to the many friends who attended the funeral of their father. May his soul rest in peace. MAYO.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Opening Games of the Gaelic Athletic Association—A Magnificent Success.

Sunday, 10th inst., opened the season for the Gaelic Athletic Association. The day will be historical for the association. It was the first upon which the Gaelic athletes of Chicago practiced the genial sports of the motherland upon grounds of their own. The ball park which is located at Polk and Lincoln streets, is very spacious, covering an area of probably ten acres square. The surface is perfectly level, and the park is probably the finest for athletic purposes of any in the city. The success of the association last Sunday surpassed expectations in all directions. The weather was most unfavorable. It rained in the forenoon, and continued gloomy all day until about five o'clock, when the rain poured down freely. Notwithstanding this the crowd in attendance was large, there being not less than three thousand people on the grounds. There was not a seat vacant on the grand stand, and considering the attendance under such circumstances, it is expected the seating accommodations must be enlarged.

At 2 o'clock the athletes met at Horan's Hall, Halsted and Harrison streets. Each of the clubs was well represented, there being a delegation from each, attired in playing costume. They were attended by a band which discoursed some stirring airs. From this point the athletes paraded to the park, headed by the music. They marched two deep and were five hundred strong. Each club bore its own banner, which had its appropriate motto. One carried an anchor with a foot ball attached, and the stars and stripes fluttered in the breeze in union with the green flag. Seldom have the residents of the line of march been treated to such an elegant display in point of athletic appearance and training.

At 3 o'clock the foot ball contest commenced, the Emmets of the West Side and the Columbias of the North Side being the contestants. The game throughout was most exciting and interesting. The players on both sides exhibited wonderful energy and tact, and the game, which lasted an hour, was devoid of any feature of roughness. The spectators on the grand stand were evidently well pleased, and never failed to applaud the fine points of the contestants. When the match ended the score stood, one goal and five points for the Columbias, against one point for the Emmets. Though defeated, the Emmets took it good naturedly. The referee was Mr. J. R. Cooney, of the Innisfails.

Next followed the great old Irish game of hurling. The clubs that gave this exhibition were the Davitts of the South Side and the Innisfails of the West Side. Seeing those stalwart athletes rush after the flying ball one could not help feeling that he was on the green fields of Ireland. The match resulted in favor of the Davitts. There were several other sports to follow, but owing to the pouring rain operations had to be suspended.

The games will be continued every Sunday throughout the season. Next Sunday the O'Briens and Shamrocks of the West Side are scheduled to contest a football match. The best all-round athlete next Sunday will be awarded a silver cup. RICHARD W. WOLFE.

MARRIAGES IN IRELAND.

April 22, John, third son of the late Philip Kennedy, of Naas, to Margaret Teresa, third daughter of the late Daniel Guinan, of Belview, Ballinasloe.

April 20, Timothy, son of the late John Corcoran, Ballingarry, county Tipperary, to Nora, daughter of Mr. John Cormack, Gramira, Thurles.

April 14, at Eden Hill, Boness, N. B., George Smith, auxiliary forces, war office, London, only son of George Smith, Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, to Mary, daughter of the late Wm. Stewart, Auchingien, Perthshire, N. B.

At Zabern, Alsace, on the 11th, Leopold Reginald Starkie, 99th Royal Prussian regiment, youngest son of William R. Starkie, J. P., of Cregane Manor, county Cork, and late R. M. at Queenstown, to Marie, second daughter of Ludwig Munzinger, presiding judge of the superior imperial courts of the Zabern district.

April 29, James Dolan, merchant, Laurence street, Drogheda, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Captain Ginnetty, Chord road, Drogheda.

April 13, Michael Joseph Boyan, Edenderry, King's county, son of Mr M. Boyan, Violetstown, to Katherine Teresa, eldest daughter of Mr. Eugene O'Brien Leitrim, Edenderry, King's county.

April 23, at the Cathedral, Killarney, William MacSweeny, M. D., to Maria, daughter of the late W. Charles Hetreed, Esq., Killarney.

Since it is now a well-established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most loathsome complaint, and the result, in nearly every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN THE CAVES OF DONEGAL.

"Why, Eugene, I thought you would never come to?" was the exclamation that fell on his awakening ears.

"I—where am I?" was his first astonished question.

"Here—in very comportable quarters, and among friends."

"Thank God!" was his reply. The incidents of his capture were quite fresh in his memory.

"It is rather an odd place—is it not Francois?" was his next query.

"It is. There is no doubt of it. But," said his young friend sententiously, "there might be worse. But we shall have time enough to discuss that. Tell me how do you feel? You do not feel hurt at all. I have been stunned—nothing more. I shall feel quite well presently. That rescue—how did it take place, Francois?"

"Why, our friend the driver—whom by the way you will see presently, and who happens to be a very influential personage in the neighborhood—knowing with better sense than we seemed to have had that we should be captured, rode swiftly on, called to his aid some friends in the surrounding glens, and hurrying back by the other side of the hill, intercepted our captors successfully—and here we are!"

"And where is *here*, Francois?" inquired Eugene.

"Upon my word, further than what you see around you," said Francois laughing, "I am able to give you very little information."

"We are underground, seemingly," said Eugene, glancing at the aperture overhead, through which the light came in a sort of trellis owing to the long ferns and heath bushes that shaded it.

"We are;—you are quite right there. So much, and little more, I know myself."

"Is it a cave—a factory."

"A factory" repeated Eugene, who only understood the expression in its application to the extensive establishments in France with which he was acquainted, wherein powder and cannon and shot and shell were manufactured for the use of the revolutionary armies.

"Yes, a factory. That is, Eugene, probably about the most imposing—if not appropriate—name to give it."

"And what," inquired Eugene, glancing around him at the rough clay walls apparently dug out of the mountain side, and the numerous casks which filled its many crevices—diffusing a hot though not unpleasant aroma through the place—"what may be the article they manufacture here?"

"Medicine," said Francois, with a gravity that but thinly veiled his light airy pleasantry.

"Medicine!" echoed Eugene, taking his statement for truth. "Medicine! what kind of medicine?"

"Medicine, my dear Eugene, that would carry the life back into your heart if you were dying; that would restore your spirits though you were in the deepest dejection ever mortal man sank to; that would make you fight the Hoche once more against the whole British forces?"

"Ah! the Hoche. La pauvre Hoche! Our unhappy expedition!" said Eugene, sinking back into dejected reflection. Quickly recovering himself, however, he asked, with a smile which had some of his old airiness in it: "And what, Francois, may be the name of this most potent medicine? I feel as if I needed some of its aid just now."

"It is called poteen, Eugene."

"Poteen!" said the latter. "What a queer name."

"It is a queer name; but everything seems to me to be strange and queer in this ill fated land."

"And here is some of it to taste," said a strange voice, emerging from the gloom of a subterranean archway, and bearing in his hand a small measure.

Eugene looked up at the words, and a smile crossed his pallid face as he recognized the friendly features of the quondam driver.

"Take this," said the latter. "You will find it will do you good after your mishape. You have need of something to refresh you."

"It would be difficult to refuse anything from your loyal and true hand, my friend," said Eugene gratefully and frankly; and he took the measure from him.

He had swallowed but a little of it when a heavy fit of coughing supervened—so heavy that for a moment Francois believed he was choking.

"Don't be afraid," said the driver. "He will recover presently. It has proved a little too strong for him."

"Why, Francois," said Eugene, when the fit had subsided, "that is brandy."

"No, not brandy, but a twin brother of it. Drink such as this was never grown in Charente, nor floated down the Garonne. This is the ancient Ambrosia—the nectar of the gods. So, at least, they say here. How do you like it?"

"It is very fine."

"You will find nothing better in Ireland—in the world indeed, I may say—save one place only," said his entertainer, replenishing the tiny measure.

"And where may that be?" asked Eugene, as a sense of reviving strength and health flushed through his veins.

"In Dublin!"

In Dublin! Why I have been there for weeks and have not known of it."

"You were too much occupied with other matters probably. But it is there. In the west of the city—Marrowbone lane they call it—is the temple of the gods—distillery, they profanely term it—where they distil spirit to which this, fine as it is, is but as water to sparkling champagne. Talk of ambrosia or nectar when once you taste that! It is liquor fit for Paradise."

"I shall certainly call there, if ever I live to see Dublin again. How long is it in existence?

"Since 1750. It was established shortly after the battle of Culloden—where Scottish chivalry died so gallantly. A gentleman named Jameson, who had been an officer in the king's service there, obtained the knowledge somehow, started this famous concern, and——"

"—— Did better work I fancy," said Eugene laughing indolently, "than in putting the gallant Prince Charlie off the throne of Scotland. I wonder he has not rivals?"

"So he has, but none can evoke the potent spirit that lies hidden in the waving grain, so well or readily as he; and——"

"Upon my word," said Ronald impatiently, "it is a very profane discussion we are carrying on, considering that one has only just wakened from the confines of the other world. How do you find yourself, Eugene?"

"Well. The little of this I have taken seems warming every vein in my body and strengthening every nerve. I feel quite revived."

"Take a little more, and I warrant you will have appetite and strength for a slice of the haunch of deer that is roasting inside. Do you think you could stand up?"

"With help I could."

"Then the help is near you. Place your arm under him, Ronald, opposite mine. There, lift him now. Why, you are quite strong already," cried Francois gaily, as Eugene, lifted from his couch of rushes and heath, stood unsteadily on his feet. "A day or two of rest and we shall be ready to seek the friendly shelter of the French colors again."

"I feel quite refreshed," said Eugene. "I shall be quite well in a short time. How long have I been here?"

"Since yester-night. You slept soundly, whether your sleep was refreshing or not. That's the mark of a horse's hoof on your temple. It was well it was no worse. You must forgive the good steed, however, for his master's hand was unable to guide him. He had a bullet through his brain."

"What became of the soldiers?" asked Eugene in a whisper.

"We did not stop to inquire," said Francois carelessly, as he directed his friends's footsteps towards an inner cavity, from which the pleasant aroma of roasted venison was now emerging. "Some of them leaped the barrier and escaped; others lie to this moment, if they have not been removed, in front of it. But, what is more to the purpose, we were carried here by trusty hands, and here we are now."

"We are under infinite obligations to you," said Eugene, turning to the quondam driver, whose appearance—now that Eugene was able to see him in the light of the lamp burning in the inner apartment of the cave—was quite altered, his dress rich and costly, and his features grave and aristocratic.

"Obligations!" cried Francois enthusiastically. "The truth and loyalty shown to us in our need would redeem the dangers of the most unfortunate expedition that ever sailed the seas, and brighten the darkest tide of misfortunes that ever encompassed man. We owe our lives to Ronald. Allow me to introduce you: Ronald MacDonald, Captain Eugene Lefebre."

"You forget, gentlemen," said the stranger thus introduced, laughing, "what *you* have perilled by coming to aid *us*. I am sorry some gleam of success did not shine on your banners, but that was not your fault."

"Well, a brighter day may come," said Eugene, with a cheerfulness that he was far from feeling.

"I fear not. Indeed I know it will not," said the Irishman sadly—"know it so well that I intend leaving this country for ever. There is no home for true Irishman in Ireland now."

"You could come to France with us," said Francois eagerly. "That is the home for freemen."

"Precisely what I mean to do," said Ronald, as they took their seats at the dinner table, which groaned, if not with dainty fare, at least with appetizing viands.

"Then you have decided aright," said Francois delightedly. "We shall all sail together. I know what you are thinking of, Eugene," said he, turning from the subject, as he saw his friend's eyes fixed on a fourth seat at present unoccupied. "You are wondering whom that is for?"

"I am."

"It is for an old friend, whom you will be glad to see."

"An old friend, Francois?" said Eugene, whose thoughts immediately referred to Redmond Barrington.

"Yes, an old friend who——"

"Who is here to answer for himself," said a well known voice behind Eugene's chair.

"What! McNevin!" said the latter, as that gentleman advanced gaily and shook hands with the invalid. "This is astonishment, truly. How did *you* manage to come?"

"Why, if I might speak in hyperbole, I came on the wings of misfortune. Nothing else would bring a man to this woful land at present."

"But, hyperbole aside, how did you come? We left you behind in France."

"I could not bear the agony of suspense—I could not be away from Ireland when her need was sorest, so I sailed from France some days after Bomparte started. Finding on my arrival in Ireland that the revolution was crushed out and that Humbert had surrendered, I made my way here with the intention of warning your fleet that the expedition had been already rendered useless, and that you should turn your helm again for France. But I was too late to be of use—I arrived only to hear the thunders of the bombardment borne in from the sea."

"Not of no use, certainly," said MacDonald, as he proceeded to carve the dinner, "for if it had not been for your good advice and strategy we should not have been able to bring our friends away from their captors."

"So that I am again obliged to you for my freedom," said Eugene, appreciating the information conveyed by the last speaker.

"Well, it is a long lane that has no turning. Some day," said McNevin, anxious to avoid the subject, "you can repay the favor. And now to dinner. These Irish hills, if good for nothing else, are capital for giving an appetite."

The dinner passed over pleasantly, although Eugene's weakness prevented his doing justice to the excellent haunch of venison and capital grouse set before him. But when it was over, and hot water and tumblers were placed on the table, the disappointing fortunes of war were forgotten, mirth and gaiety reigned around, light hearted pleasure beamed on every face, and the conversation was cheerful and animated—as, indeed, might be expected among a quartette whose lives and fortunes has been so changeful and adventurous.

"You have not yet told me how you came here, Francois," said Eugene.

"I briefly sketched it out for you, if you remember," said the former. "I told you, I think, that Humbert's force landed safely in Killala Bay; that we beat the English at Castlebar, where they ran from us at such a rate that not even our cavalry could come up with them; that the people flocked in thousands to our standard, but that we had no time to drill recruits; and with all the available forces in Ireland—some thirty or forty thousand—marching on us, resistance, not to say success, had become hopeless. Surrounded on all sides, our little column had to surrender. We beat some ten thousand at Castlebar, but we could not hope to fight the entire British army. I did not choose to become prisoner of war. I had heard enough to make me dislike that. I separated from the officers on the eve of the surrender and took my way towards the north of Ireland—in hopes, like McNevin, to save your force from a like disaster. I took all the unfrequented ways, rode across mountains, over rivers, through green valleys, everywhere sheltered by the grateful and kindly people. My French accent opened a way at once to their hearts; I never had occasion to tell who or what I was—they seemed to know it instinctively; and, truly, fugitive soldier in invaded country, flying from its defenders, never met such welcome before. There was no kindness, no hospitality, that they did not lavish upon me. I think I must have been a week or on my journey northward—guided in this land—to me so strange!—by the directions of the people, who spared no pains to put me on the right track—when I fell in with a body of men, retainers and friends of—and under command of—Ronald here who were hurrying southward at the news of the landing. My unlooked for information made them retrace their steps—probably saved them from useless slaughter—and safe among friends and guides we travelled unceasingly night and day. How much I owe to his good offices I cannot now say."

"But I thought you were on board the fleet. How——"

"So I was. That adventure was in store for me, too. Wherever there is trouble I am generally into it. Having occasion to pass through the streets of the town—Letter—Letter——"

"Letterkenny," suggested Ronald.

"Yes, Letterkenny—that is—through Letterkenny one night, I heard a gentleman speaking in French, Eugene! Think of the delight of that, after days and weeks of fugitive wandering! I could hardly believe my ears! I took an opportunity of speaking to him alone—beyond mess are glad to meet a countryman here. Who do you think he was, Eugene?"

"I could not say."

"Well, guess."

"How could I guess?"

"You might well say that. Nor could I. Well—he was the officer in command of the British troops here—one General Levan."

"In command of the British troops, Francois—nonsense!"

"It it be nonsense I did not find it so; for, having heard my story, he had me promptly arrested."

"Who was he?"

"One of these emigres—the curse of France in every country. However, I should not blame him too much. To gratify his hatred of his native land, he had me brought on board the fleet, on their return, to be witness of the defeat of our vessel, and the debarkation of French prisoners. It was he that gave me the opportunity of seeing you. Ronald here did the remainder. But I see you are looking weak and pale. It is time to retire to rest. A sleep will restore you. And now to dream of home and beautiful France."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Lon-dubh Dhoire an Chairn.

[Oisin ro Chan.]

Bian sin, a loin Dhoire an Chairn!
Ni chualas, an ard 'san m-bith,
Ceol budh binne 'na do ghuth,
Agus ta fa bhun do nid.

Aen cheol is binne fa'n m-bith,
Mairg nach disdean ris go foil;
A mhic Arphluin na g-cloc m-bian,
'S go m-bertha aris air do noin.

Agat, mar ta agam fein,
Da m-beith deimhin sgeil an eoin,
Do dheotha dera go dian,
'S ni bhiadh d'aire air Dhia go foil.

A g-crich Lochlann, na srebh n-gorm,
Fuair Mac Cumhail na g-corn n-derg,
An t-en do chithi anois,
Ag sin a sgeil duit go derbh.

Doire an chairn an cheill ud shiar,
Mar a n-deadis an Fhiann fos:
Ar fillie 's ar chaeimhe a cruan,
'S edh do cuireadh ann an los.

Sgeighaire loin Dhoire an chairn
Boithre an daimh o thail na g-caer,
Ceol le g-codladh Fiun go moch,
Lachainn a Loch na d-tri g-cael.

Cerca fraeich um Chruachain Chuinn,
Fedghail dobhroin Druim da loch,
Gotha Slair Ghlinn na bh-faith,
Longhaire cusch Chnuic na sgoth.

Gotha gadhair Ghleanna caein,
Is gair fhilair chaeich na selg,
Tairm na g-con ag triall go moch,
Astech o thraigh na g-cloch n-derg.

An trath do mhair Fian 's an Fhiann,
Dob ansa leo sliabh 'na cill,
Fa bian leosan fuighle lon,
Gotha na g-clog leo nir bhinn.

One of the nine men who are at present in custody, charged with firing into the house of John Mahony, and Killahan, on the 30th of November, and with raiding the house of Pierce Godley, at Ballyronan, on the 31st of March, has, it is stated, become informer. John Healy, brother of one of the accused, was arrested recently. It is also rumored that several other moonlight outrages and robberies committed in North Kerry will be brought to light and further arrests made.

CAREER OF DE ROHAN.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S BROTHER A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

An Early Quarrel Estranges Them for Life—His Service on Two Continents with Garibaldi—His Unrecompensed Service for Victor Emanuel.

Admiral William de Rohan, who died in this city, was one of the most remarkable men of this century, and a complete sketch of his life would read like a chapter from mediæval history. He was of Norse descent, his father having been a Swedish nobleman, and he was born Dahlgren, his elder brother being Admiral Dahlgren, of the United States navy, whose services afloat during the war, as well as his advanced improvements in ordnance, make such a bright page in the history of our navy. Another brother, younger, Charles Dahlgren, took sides with the south during the war and was a general officer.

De Rohan was nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered and deep chested, and in his prime of life must have been one of the most powerful men living. His head was Websterian in its proportions.

THE BROTHER'S FIGHT.

Away back in the forties, when William had grown to man's estate in years, Admiral Dahlgren, then a lieutenant, was stationed at the navy yard here engaged in the ordnance departments, that made his name famous for the style and method of building the great ship guns that bore his name and that fought the naval battles of the civil war. One day Dahlgren, the elder son, saw fit to take William severely to task for something, and that brought on a storm of angry words on both sides that resulted in the younger man knocking the older brother into a corner of the room. Dignity forbade a personal altercation, and Dahlgren had an officer sent for.

Taken to the old City hall, William was sullen and unrepentant, and though family and neutral friends tried to stop proceedings, Dahlgren pressed the case, and the offender was fined $100 for the assault. Then Dahlgren told the magistrate that if William would make a public apology for having struck an officer of the navy while in uniform he would be willing that the penalty be set aside.

"Never! Never!" said William. "I will never apologize nor even speak a word to you while God lets me live; and more, while you live I will never again bear the name that you do."

So they parted in the mayor's room at the City hall, and William assumed his mother's name of De Rohan, by which he was known thereafter at home and abroad to the day of his death. His mother was a member of the princely family of De Rohan, of France.

Going abroad, his family connections and ample means brought him into intimacy with persons of the highest rank in life, among them being Admiral Hobart (Pasha), of the Turkish navy, and with him he took service under the sultan, with the rank of captain.

HIS CAREER IN ITALIAN WATERS.

Leaving the Turks he went to the Argentine Republic—then Buenos Ayres—with Garibaldi, and commanded the naval forces of that country in the successful revolution that brought independence. After that, when Garibaldi came to this country, De Rohan went to Chili and became admiral of the Chilian navy.

Late in the fifties he joined Garibaldi, with whom he was in constant correspondence, in Europe, andentered heart and soul with him in his plans for the unification and independence of Italy. While the great liberator directed and commanded the land forces De Rohan was made admiral of the revolutionary navy, which was confirmed by Victor Emanuel.

He was an admiral without a fleet, for they did not have a single vessel heavier than a coral fishing felucca; but he was energetic, and by a very liberal outlay of funds from his private purse and contributions by English and French friends he actually succeeded in purchasing and arming three good sized merchant steamers, with which he escaped to Sardinia and reported to Victor Emanuel.

It was on these vessels that the then king of Sardinia and such troops as he had were transported to the mainland of Italy, and history tells of the result. During the siege of Rome Admiral De Rohan commanded the marine division under Garibaldi and supervised the artillery fire.

Other forms of government than republics are at times ungrateful, and it is so in this case, for, while Admiral De Rohan spent nearly $250,000 in providing the means that gave the throne of Italy to the house of Savoy, he never was repaid a penny, and died in Providence hospital here, cared for by charitable friends.

During a number of years he resided in England, where he became interested in the formation and workings of the British naval reserve, in which he was commissioned a commander by the admiralty. During the civil war he was intensely loyal to the north, but refused to take service in our navy lest he might at some time be brought under the command of his brother, Admiral John Dahlgren.

Put off by various excuses and neglected by Victor Emanuel in his attempts to secure repayment of the immense sums advanced to Italy, he came home about 1871 and laid his claims before the secretary of state.

In the belief that something would at least be accomplished, De Rohan went abroad again, and for several years tried to work some mines he owned in Sardinia or Sicily, but he lacked capital for the work, and returned home to find his case slumbering as neglectedly as though no one in the state department had ever heard of it.

He was thoroughly disheartened, and for the first time in his life his high courage failed before his misfortunes and his health gave way. He was then nearly seventy years of age, and when a stroke of paralysis followed he failed rapidly in a hospital.—Washington Post.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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DISASTERS ON THE RAIL

Three Persons Killed in a Wreck in Michigan,

AND THIRTEEN OTHERS INJURED.

Frightful Speed of a Train Down a Mountain Side in Colorado—Four Tramps and 360 Cattle Killed in the Crash Which Followed—A Party of Excursionists Run Down by a Train Near Mayfield, Ky.—Other Mishaps.

DETROIT, May 11.—A special to The News from Shepherd, Mich., says: At 10 o'clock Sunday night an extra freight freight from the north approaching the yard here, ran into fourteen loaded log cars, wrecking engine No. 20 and the caboose. The men on this train jumped and escaped injury. The force of the collision started thirteen cars down the grade through the Shepherd yard to a mile south of Shepherd, where the train was being loaded with logs. In a collision which followed three men were killed and thirteen injured.

The List of Victims.

Following is the list of the killed and injured: Killed—Z. Bigelow, Clark E. Stubble, Sherwood Clarke, all of Shepherd. Injured—Charles Walling, badly bruised and head smashed; Jay Struble, slightly bruised; John Kennedy, bruised slightly; Amos Pickett, breast injured; O. P. Farrell, shoulder badly smashed and dangerous scalp wounds; C. Huntington, back injured; Frank Hartford, spine injured; Augustus Rider, head and leg badly injured; George Starr, shoulder bruised; Lew Cole, collar bone broken; James Wilson, severely bruised. All these also lived in Shepherd. Conductor Auway, of Owosso, was slightly injured and Brakeman Squiers, of Owosso, had his breast and head injured. The injured were quartered at farm houses, except a few who were able to be moved to their homes.

RAGING FOREST FIRES.

A Number of Men Terribly Burned in Pennsylvania—Fires in Michigan.

KEATING SUMMIT, Pa., May 11.—Destructive forest fires have raged in this vicinity for the past forty-eight hours. The entire lumber region is badly damaged. Goodyear Bros., of Buffalo, will be heavy losers. While fighting the fire Sunday night a work train was surrounded by flames. The engine and cars were destroyed and seventy men narrowly escaped with their lives. Twenty-five or thirty men are reported seriously, if not fatally burned. The town presents a scene of great suffering. Superintendent Badger of the Sinnemahoning Valley railroad, and three or four others are missing and are thought to have perished in the flames.

Michigan Forest Fires.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 11.—Reform the north woods indicate that the forest fires now raging will equal if not exceed the great visitation of flame which desolated Michigan in 1871. Wires are generally down, but incoming passengers from the north say that the whole country is blue with smoke. The Chicago and West Michigan station at Shield, near White Cloud, has burned. Eighteen freight cars were burned at Lilley junction. Deer Lake, near Rex City, 100 miles north of here, has telephoned this city for aid, and a steamer has gone. Fore sts are ablaze and the Osterbout & Fox lumber yard with $250,000 worth of lumber is surrounded by flames.

Three Villages Destroyed.

DETROIT, Mich., May 11.—A special to The News from Newaygo, Mich., says: Forest fires are raging in this county. The villages of Otia, Fields and Park City have been entirely destroyed, and the hotel and depot at Lilley are all that remain of that village. A great number of cars belonging to the Chicago and West Michigan railway have also been burned. The above named places are villages of about 300 population each. So far no reports of loss of life have reached here.

FRIGHTFUL RIDE ON THE RAIL.

A Runaway Train on Raton Mountain in Colorado.

TRINIDAD, Colo., May 11.—A serious wreck occurred on the Santa Fe road several miles west of here Sunday night. A freight train of twenty cars loaded with cattle started down Raton Mountain but became unmanageable, because the air-brakes failed to work. The train gained a frightful speed, and while turning a sharp curve the engine and tender broke away from the train and sixteen cars went over an embankment twenty feet high, smashing the cars into kindling wood and killing 360 cattle. Brakeman J. M. Kearns was slightly hurt and four tramps stealing their way over the road are reported buried in the wreck. The four last cars of the train are the only ones that remained on the track. The road is torn up for several hundred feet and the loss to the company is estimated at $25,000.

Fortunate That It Was No Worse.

SUDBURY, Ont., May 11.—The Pacific express, which left Montreal Friday night last, met with an accident near Straight lake, fifty miles west of here. Bush fires had partially destroyed a trestle bridge over a creek, and the train was too close when the fire was discovered to permit the engineer to stop. The engine, baggage and mail cars, and two colonist cars went into the creek. A man named McAlpin, from Quincy, Mass., was killed and five passengers injured, one seriously.

Injured Firemen Recovering.

CHICAGO, May 11.—All the firemen burned at the fire at 43 North Clark street last Saturday who were taken to the Alexian Brothers' hospital are doing well and will recouer. Walter Stafford of truck No. 6, who was reported dying, is resting easily, and will not succumb to his injuries. Capt. Horn, Michael Noon, James Roach, Richard Ryan, and Oscar Peterson will be able to be out in two or three days.

Run Down by a Train.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 11.—A passenger train on the Newport News and Mississippi railroad ran into a wagon loaded with an excursion party which was crossing the track, near Mayfield. Robert Stewart, 12 years old, was killed; Lucien Stewart had both legs cut off and is dying; Mrs. Perry Stewart had both arms broken, and Mrs. Julia Wyatt received dangerous internal injuries. The others escaped.

AT SALT LAKE CITY.

The President Enthusiastically Greeted at the Mormon Stronghold.

SALT LAKE, Utah, May 11.—Beautiful springlike weather made the short visit of the president to Salt Lake city a pleasant one. The presidential train arrived at the Union Pacific station at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, and was side-tracked until 7 o'clock, when Governor Thomas, Mayor Scott, Congressional Delegate Caine, and a large reception committee called with carriages and escorted the party to the Walker house. Grand Army men and Confederate Veterans, headed by a band, formed the escort from the station. A large number of people was on the streets and the president was heartily cheered at many points along the route.

After breakfast at the Walker house the president was escorted through the principal streets of the city by United States troops, the local militia, former citizens of Indiana and voters for William Henry Harrison, fire companies and trade organizations. The streets were crowded and much enthusiasm was displayed. The decoration of buildings along the line of march was general, among the places made conspicuous by a profusion of bunting being the temple and President Woodruff's house. A large strip of bunting bearing the words "Fear God; Honor the President" was displayed from the temple.

LEADVILLE, Colo., May 11.—The presidential train pulled into Leadville at 7:45 Monday morning, after an easy run of ninety miles from Glenwood Springs. A great crowd greeted the presidential party at the station. As the train entered the city salutes were fired and several bands played the national anthem. At the depot the band, as every band along the route has done, played "Hail to the Chief." The stop here was only for half an hour, and the miners made the most of their brief opportunity by thronging about the cars and climbing up to shake hands with the president.

STRIKERS AS WHITE-CAPS.

A Non-Union Workman the Victim—Coke Region Notes.

SCOTTDALE, May 11.—A gang of strikers at Davidson Friday night, disguised as White-Caps, took possession of a striker's house, occupied by a Slav non-union workman named Krone, and, after brandishing revolvers, made him take an oath that he would do more work. One more car-load of Italians arrived in the region Friday, and were taken to the Overton works, where they are to go to work. Five families were evicted at Valley Friterday. They offered no resistance.

He Met Death Bravely.

OTTAWA, Ills., May 11.—Ford, the murderer, was hanged here at 10:11 a. m. Saturday. Ford was awake bright and early, and after performing his morning ablutions, partook of a hearty breakfast. His wife called to see him at an early hour and remained with him nearly two hours. Her grief was intense, and the parting of husband and wife was very pathetic. Ford soon rallied from his depressed spirits and indulged in singing and dancing until he became exhausted.

He made a profession of the Catholic faith shortly before the execution, and a priest of that religious denomination was with him during the night, and again was at his side early Saturday morning. The priest walked with Ford to the scaffold and remained with him until the drop fell. Ford maintained his nerve throughout and died firm.

The Charleston After the Itata.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—A morning paper is authority for the statement that the United States steamer Charleston sailed under sealed orders. Her commander, Capt. Remy, received a long cipher dispatch late Friday night, and a few hours later the Charleston put to sea. The vessel is coaled and provisioned for a long cruise, and it is stated that she has gone in pursuit of the Itata with orders to capture her. The orders are, it is understood, to keep up the pursuit until Admiral Brown is encountered in Chiliau waters, if the Itata is not fallen in with on the way.

Desperate Measures to Get a Ring.

CHICAGO, May 11.—T. J. Trebatowsky, the postoffice clerk, who was arrested on a charge of rifling letters, was Friday held in the sum of $1,500 by Commissioner Hoyne to answer to the United States grand jury. The young man confessed his crime Friday and said he had taken $40 from the mails. He said he had taken the money to buy a ring for his sweetheart, his only alternative being to get the ring or lose the girl.

Receiver of the Keystone Bank.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 11.—The Comptroller of the Currency Lacy has appointed Hon. Robert M. Yardley, of Doylestown, Pa., receiver of the Keystone National bank, of Philadelphia. Mr. Yardley is a practicing attorney of high repute, has for many years been a director of the Bucks County Trust company, and was a member of the Fiftieth and Fifty-first congresses.

Fatal Fire at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—Fire shortly after midnight destroyed the dwelling, provision store and slaughter house of George Abrams, at Twenty-seventh street and Susquehanna avenue. Charles Miller, a journeyman butcher, who was sleeping in a loft over the store, was burned to death. The loss on the building is estimated at $15,000, partially covered by insurance.

Ex-Treasurer Noland's Case.

JEFFERSON CITY, May 11.—The arguments in the case of ex-State Treasurer Noland, who has been on trial here charged with the embezzlement of $32,000 of the state's money, were concluded Saturday. The case went to the jury at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At midnight the jury reported its inability to agree and it was discharged. It stood six for acquittal and six for conviction.

Dragged to Death by a Colt.

WABASHA, Minn., May 8.—Willie Noonan, aged 14, was killed by being dragged three blocks by a colt. He had tied the halter strap around his wrist and the colt became frightened and ran. The boy was kicked and badly mangled, and was dead before attendance reached him.

Made Himself Obnoxious.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 11.—A special to a New York paper says that the Italian consul at New Orleans, Signor Vorte, has made himself so obnoxious in the lynching affair that this government is likely to ask for his recall.

INTO A FIERY FURNACE.

Particulars of an Awful Disaster in Pennsylvania.

FIRE FIGHTERS BURNED TO DEATH.

A Train Containing Seventy-Five Men Leaves the Track and Topples Over into a Sea of Flame—The Superintendent of the Road and Several Others Burned to Death — An Experience Never To Be Forgotten.

KEATING SUMMIT, Pa., May 12.—Particulars of the disaster to the train men who went out to fight the forest fires are as follows: At Moore's Run, on the Sinnemahoning road, a trainload of seventy-five willing men sent out from Austin Sunday night had been fighting back the fire by every conceivable means. They made trenches, piled up earth and lighted back fires, but were finally obliged to retreat. The men hastily boarded the train and started to make a run to another point, when it was found they were hemmed in by the forest fires on one side and a huge skidway of logs on the other. It was finally decided to dash past the burning skidway, and the engineer and fireman, with faces covered with dampened cloths and their hands and arms wrapped in wool, mounted the little engine and pulled out through the wall of fire. The seventy-five exhausted men gathered in groups on the flats for protection, or lay on their faces on the floor.

In a Sea of Flame.

Just opposite the million feet of burning logs, where the heat, smoke and flame were greatest, a terrible thing occurred. The engineer had forgotten that such great heat would surely spread the rails, and he pulled the throttle wider in the hope of sooner escaping from a torment of heat and smoke. Then there was a lurch, an ominous heaving, and a shriek of despair as the train toppled over into the hell of fire beneath. A scene ensued never to be forgotten by those who escaped, though every man will bear to his grave a mark of that awful moment. The cars caught fire like so many paper playthings, and the men, half-blinded and scarcely realizing anything except that they were being slowly roasted to death, struggling fearfully to regain the track, where safety lay for a time at least.

Superintendent Badger Cremated.

Those uninjured from the fall and only smarting from the pain of intense heat, bravely turned their burned, blackened hands to aid their more unfortunate fellows. Superintendent Badger, superintendent of the Sinnemahoning Valley railroad, was in charge of the relief train and had worked the hardest of all to save the properties of others. When the train ditched and rolled over so suddenly he must have been injured so as to be unable to help himself, and owing to the smoke and panic he was not found until too late, jammed in the wreck. He had evidently slowly burned to death. It is known that six others also miserably perished at once or died soon afterward, and thirty others of the party were badly burned, many probably fatally, owing to fears that they inhaled the flames that seemed to fairly spring into their faces. Seven others of the party are missing, and their fate is unknown, though they are likely in the charred wood of the logs or the train.

The End Is Not Yet.

Owing to the great devastation done to everything in the way of the fire communication is badly interrupted, and it is impossible to learn the names of the men burned or those still missing. As to the damage it is known 40,000,000 feet of hemlock logs and timber and 25,000 cords of valuable bark has already been destroyed, and the fires are raging without any appreciable diminution. Late dispatches from Austin confirm former reports. The body of the superintendent has been found, burned to a crip, and the entire party would have perished in the burning train or forest fire had they not immersed themselves in a creek. The fires have been raging forty-eight hours. Twelve solid miles of lumber in one district have already been burned, and the end is not yet.

MISCELLANEOUS MISHAPS.

Hurled Under a Train.

LIMA, Ohio, May 12.—A frightful accident happened at Fort Jennings, a small station northwest of this city on the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City railroad. A number of men were engaged unloading a thrashing machine when a passenger train came around a curve, and the engine struck a piece of timber which projected over the track. The men were hurled under the train, and Henry Miller, Henry Slotman, and Louis Lence were killed and several others injured.

An Actress Terribly Burned.

PATERSON, N. J., May 12—Mrs. Mabel Fenton, who assumes the leading female role in John C. Rice's "Knotty Affair" company, was curling her hair in the dressing room of Jacob's opera house in this city when her clothing caught fire from the alcohol lamp she was using and she was nearly burned to death. Doctors were sent for. They found frightful burns about her chest, neck and arms. The doctors said she would be unable to appear on the stage for at least three weeks.

Suffocated by Gas.

CHICAGO, May 12.—Harry H. Hallowell, the 16-year-old son of Austin Hallowell, the Chicago agent for the Southern California Orange Cider company, was found dead in bed at his father's home, 234 Dearborn avenue, Tuesday morning. The gas was turned on, but death was undoubtedly due to accident, as the boy was cheerful and retired in the best of spirits. Mr. Hallowell came to this city six months ago from Kansas City, where he was well known.

Freight Wreck on the "Q."

BEARDSTOWN, Ills., May 12.—Freight train No. 16, going south on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Sunday night, was wrecked about one mile south of this city. Five box-cars and the engine were derailed and much damaged. The trainmen escaped without serious injury. It is understood that some one had tampered with the switch, leaving it open.

Drowned While in a Fit.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich., May 12.—Solomon Barrick, 50 years old, was found drowned Tuesday in the Grand river, three miles from town. He went fishing Sunday, and, it is supposed, was taken with a fit and fell into the water.

IN FINANCIAL STRAITS.

James M. Turner, the Wealthy Michigan Man, in Trouble.

LANSING, Mich., May 12.—James M. Turner, Republican candidate for governor in the last campaign, rated several times a millionaire, with mammoth manufacturing and farming interests in this city and elsewhere and mining, lumbering and railroad interests in the upper peninsula, Monday filed a bill of sale covering all of his personal property in favor of Henry F. Jay, C. H. Buhl and Stephen Baldwin, of Detroit, the Detroit National bank of Detroit and the Central Michigan and Ingham County Savings bank of this city.

Can Settle If Given Time.

The consideration is $110,000, and it is provided that Turner shall retain possession of the property for six months. Later a trust deed was filed with the county registrar conveying all his real estate to the same parties. No figures are obtainable in regard to his affairs, but those in a position to know declare if given time he will meet all obligations in full. Turner is himself reticent in regard to his embarrassment.

FIRED ON THE STRIKERS.

One Man Killed and Ten Others More or Less Injured.

DENVER, Colo., May 12.—A terrible fight took place between a party of striking brick makers and a gang of colored men who had been engaged by F. N. Davis, proprietor of the brick yard, to take their places. Davis, his son, and seven negroes, all heavily armed, were going to work when they were intercepted by a band of fifty or more strikers and ordered back. Davis warned the strikers to get out of the way. The latter refused, and Davis and his men opened fire. Two of the strikers were mortally wounded, one dying later, and nine others were more or less hurt. The Davis party were all arrested. Davis says the strikers had guns, but the latter deny it.

Protest Against Imported Labor.

KANKAKEE, Ills., May 12.—A monster mass-meeting was held Monday night by the labor unions of this city to protest against the importation of Italian laborers from Chicago to work on the new electric street railway and in the Illinois Central gravel pit. Committees were appointed to wait on the contractors and to visit the superintendent of the railroad and ask them to employ home laborers before getting the Italians. The laboring men are determined and say they will stop the Italians, even if they have to use force.

Cleveland Talks to Germans.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 12.—The German Young Men's Association of Buffalo celebrated its fiftieth anniversary Monday night in Music hall. The principal event of the festival was the speech of ex-President Cleveland. He received an ovation when he appeared on the platform and the enthusiasm of the great audience was plainly pleasing to Mr. Cleveland. After the anniversary exercises a complimentary dinner was given in honor of ex-President Cleveland at the Hotel Iroquois by his personal and political friends in Buffalo.

Violated the Neutrality Laws.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 12.—Pilot Dill, Capt. O'Farrell and the five seamen on board the Robert and Minnie, along with George A. Burt, the supercargo, were Monday charged with violation of the neutrality laws. In the cases of O'Farrell, Dill and Burt bail was fixed at $5,000 each, and in the case of the seamen $2,500 each. The only one who gave bail was Dill. The others are still in the hands of the United States marshal.

Riot Between Dagoes and Americans.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 12.—There was a terrible riot between Italian and American laborers in the employ of Alexander Graham, a Belmont county, Ohio, pike contractor, at Pike Creek Monday morning, which resulted in one being killed, two fatally wounded, and from six to ten more or less hurt from cuts and blows. The trouble was inaugurated by an Italian striking an American foreman over the head with an iron bar.

Railway Conductors in Convention.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 12.—Delegates and visitors to the number of 2,000 to participate in the convention of the National Order of Railway Conductors are in the city. The delegates held a public reception in the exposition building at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. Congressman O'Neill delivered an address of welcome in behalf of the city, and speeches were also made by ex-Governor Campbell and Lamsey of Kansas City.

Negro Rapist Lynched.

CUMBERLAND, Md., May 12.—Asbury Green, colored, who was Monday sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment for an assault upon Mrs. Tolson, was lynched at Centerville, Md., shortly after midnight by a crowd of masked men, who stormed the jail. The community were exasperated at Green's escape from the death penalty, and took the law into their own hands.

Secretary Blaine Much Better.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Secretary Blaine, who has been ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Damrosch, was very much better. He passed a comfortable night and ate a hearty breakfast in the morning. Mrs. Damrosch said that Mr. Blaine would not go to Washington at present. He would probably remain in town several days.

Dynamite Outrage in Lisbon.

LISBON, May 12.—A dynamite bomb was exploded Tuesday at the office of the ministry of the interior. The shock was tremendous and caused great alarm and excitement, but no serious results followed. The police have as yet been unable to obtain any clew as to the author of the outrage.

Killed in a Runaway.

WATERVILLE, Me., May 12.—Miss Belle Rowe, while riding with her uncle, was thrown from the carriage and killed, her neck being broken. Her uncle was seriously injured.

Mr. Gladstone's Condition.

LONDON, May 12.—Mr. Gladstone is reported to be still feverish, but otherwise he is progressing very favorably. The attack of influenza with which he suffers is of a mild type.

Capt. Verney Expelled.

LONDON, May 12.—The house of commons has expelled Capt. Verney from membership.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Scarcely a week passes that the public press does not announce the death of boys from cigarette smoking. Two new cases were reported Saturday.

Joseph Pulitzer has subscribed $1,000 to the New York Greeley statue fund.

Monroe Waters (colored) was lynched at Hudson, Miss. Waters was suspected of an attempt to poison Capt. Barrentine at Columbus, Miss.

Eli Peeler was locked up in jail at Dongola, Ills., while drunk. He set fire to his bed and was burned to death.

Fifteen thousand weavers at Bielitz and 2,000 employes at Pesth have been dismissed for being absent from work on May Day.

Two large vessels were ice-bound Saturday on the Apostle islands in Lake Superior.

The western towns which showed a growth in the last ten years exceeding 1,000 per cent. are in order, Spokane Falls, Tacoma, Seattle and Kansas City, Kan. The first three places mentioned are in the new state of Washington.

Russia's health department has issued a statement that the empire's population on Jan. 1, 1889, was 112,342,758. The births in 1888 were 5,116,996, against 3,335,518 deaths.

A man run over by a train at Lancaster, Pa., exclaimed: "If I am going to die give me a chew of tobacco first."

Turkish soldiers are very poor marksmen. Recent target contests in the army demonstrated that not one soldier in twenty could hit a man at twenty paces.

The national Democratic committee has accepted an invitation from the New York Democratic club to make its permanent headquarters at their club house.

At Blandville, W. Va., C. T. McLane fractured the skull of B. W. Cowan with a fence rail. The men were returning home from church.

At Montrose, Iowa, A. F. Hermann, of Chicago, swam the Mississippi river at Nauvoo, Ills., a distance of three and one-half miles, in thirty-seven minutes.

During the month of April last there were issued from the pension office 31,972 certificates of all classes, as against 14,562 during the same month of last year.

The Italian government, from motives of economy, has decided not to take part in the Chicago exposition.

John Bernhardt, aged 19, who was arrested charged with murdering Henry Schley, a Waukesha, Wis., saloon keeper, has confessed that he committed the deed in order to secure his victim's money.

Samuel Marshall died at the Chippewa county, Wis., poorhouse. He was at one time a respected business man of Eau Claire. Liquor caused his downfall.

At Ottumwa, Iowa, William West shot his wife and then killed himself. Domestic infelicity was the cause of the crime.

Fifteen craters in the Zunahuana district of Chili for several days have been throwing out masses of mud, and the entire valley which was formerly a beautiful spot is now a desert.

Negotiations have been completed for the erection of a beet sugar factory at Marshalltown, Iowa, to cost $550,000, and with a capacity of 400 tons per day.

Annie Glassner, aged 6 years, of Baltimore, swallowed a pin two weeks ago and now she is dying.

Frank Phillips, the leader of the McCoy faction, made famous by the Harfield-McCoy feud, was killed on Tug river in Pike county, Ky., by the Wolford brothers. A friend of Phillips named France was also killed.

John Penfield, of Clarion, Iowa, attempted to separate two stallions that were fighting, and was fatally bitten by one of them.

The amount of wheat and corn in sight Monday was respectively 21,063,348 and 3,124,700 bushels.

Frank Fad was killed and a lady companion was badly hurt in a runaway at Galena, Ills.

Shoemakerville, Pa., has a pear tree over 150 years old. It is now full of blossoms.

John Turnbull, a Port Townsend, Wash., attorney, was arrested charged with aiding Chinamen to enter the United States in violation of the immigration law.

There are twenty-six monarchies and twenty-five republics in the civilized world to-day; sixteen republics are in South America.

Henry Sullivan, bookkeeper and cashier for Walsh & Sutton, attorneys, at Clinton, Iowa, decamped with $1,425 of the firm's money.

E. E. Byrnes, of Minnesota, has been appointed organizer of the national Republican league.

At the annual meeting of the American Jersey Cattle club at New York, it was voted to provide a fund of $10,000 for the exhibition of Jersey cattle at the World's fair.

Frost, it is said, has greatly damaged fruit of all kinds in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and parts of Ohio. In California there are excellent prospects of an abundant yield.

Speaker Crafts of the Illinois house has been presented by the members with a portrait of himself.

Queen Victoria has offered a challenge cup, valued at £100, to be sailed for by yachts belonging to Canadian yacht clubs. It is intended that the race shall be sailed this year at Toronto.

The North Carolina caterpillar trouble grows worse instead of better with time. Monday a railroad train was brought to a standstill by vast numbers of the creeping things on the rails.

Margusta Johnson, an employe in the Erl mills at Ottumwa, Iowa, fell into the cogwheel in the power house and was killed.

A Wichita, Kan., farmer within a year has sold corn from one crib at 13 cents, 26 cents, 50 cents and 75 cents, and has some left for which he expects to get 85 cents.

An 80-year-old man of Williamsport, Pa., has fasted for forty-five days and still lives.

There are 40,000 women studying in the various colleges of the country. And yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

A break occurred in the levee in Concordia parish, La., and the country for miles around is now under water.

The king of all the lobsters was caught off Monhegan, Me., the other day. He was thirty inches long and weighed fourteen pounds.

Capt. Nils Larson, known as one of the best lake captains between Duluth and Chicago for the last twenty years, died at his home in Bayfield, Wis.

The steamer Nicaragua, built at Chester, Pa., for the Pacific Mail line, was launched Friday. The Nicaragua is of 1,550 tons burden, which brings her within the subsidy class, and is expected to steam at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

A chewing gum concern in Brooklyn has become a stock company with a capital of $1,000,000.

The budget committee of the German reichstag has approved of the grant of $25,000 to defray the cost of the steps to be taken in order to enable Germany to make a suitable participation in the Chicago World's fair.

In the Philadelphia game at Brooklyn Kilroy was batted so hard that in the second inning he was called from the box and immediately released.

C. F. Reis attempted to board a freight train at Belknap, Iowa, and was cut in two.

Out of five bushels of potatoes brought into Marceline, Mo., the other day, the smallest tuber in the lot weighed two pounds.

A plow that was lost in the Cheboygan river, Michigan, by the upsetting of a canoe more than forty years ago, was fished up the other day.

The citizens of Athens, Ga., beseech their council to pass an ordinance for the muzzling of curs. The animals are too noisy o' nights.

Dr. Mathews, who has been studying suicide, finds that it pertains exclusively to civilized countries, and increases in accordance with the degree of civilization.

Capt. Verney, the disgraced member of parliament, has been removed from his official position and membership in the Church of England Temperance society.

A new bank has been started at Hubbard, Iowa, known as the Hubbard State bank. The capital stock is $50,000. Officers are: J. H. Bales, president; J. H. Wintermute, vice president; J. K. Milner, cashier.

On the Lexington race track John J. McFadden, an employe, was knocked down by a horse and fatally injured.

Paul Loebel, a German actor, of Davenport, Iowa, committed suicide by taking chloral.

The bakers of Saarbrucken, Prussia, having attempted to raise the price of fancy bread, the housewives of the town formed a combination and agreed not to buy any of the articles involved. The boycott was so effective that the bakers soon restored the former prices.

It is alleged that the navy department is unable to find able seamen enough to man the war ships.

A Roman newspaper is authority for the statement that the Italian government is about to address a circular to the European powers submitting the conduct of the United States government in the New Orleans affair to their judgment.

Michael Davitt and wife sail from Liverpool for Quebec May 14 on their journey to California. Mr. Davitt will stop at Winnipeg to inspect the Crofter colony in that vicinity. He goes thence to Idaho and later to San Francisco.

Julia Winslow, of Warren, Ills., a student in the normal school at Plattville, Wis., became insane through hard study.

John J. Ingalls will address the Monona Lake assembly, a branch of the Chautauqua circle, at Madison, Wis., August 1 next.

Pennsylvania is to have a Saturday half holiday law. The full holidays are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Good Friday, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas Day. The half holidays will be the afternoon of every Saturday from and inclusive of June 15 until and inclusive of Sept. 15.

A son of F. Chappell was robbed of $60 in Jerseyville, Ills., by unknown persons who got him drunk.

Information has been received at Calcutta to the effect that friendly Manipuris have captured the regent and that the Manipur general-in-chief has yielded.

A colored woman has hung out her doctor's sign in Brooklyn. She is Mrs. Varina N. H. Morton, graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, daughter of a colored missionary, and wife of a physician.

John Ziegler returned to his home at Moberly, Mo., unexpectedly and saw his wife elope with a stranger, who drove off with her in a buggy.

John McSwayne, of Leadville, Colo., set his house on fire while drunk and was fatally burned.

The census in France shows an increase in population of 108,000 yearly, as compared with an increase of 435,000 yearly in Germany.

Harman Rust, living seven miles north of Ackley, Iowa, was killed by lightning.

C. Newitt, a ranchman, was accidentally shot and killed at Fair Play, Colo., by A. M. Jones.

State Senator Major, of Fayette, Mo., has sued the Clark's Farmers' and Laborers' union for $100,000 damages for libel. The union's newspaper charged him with being untrustworthy.

A daughter of Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky, having been graduated with honors at Wellesley several years ago, has now taken up the study of law in her father's office.

Bertha Knoff, of Leavenworth, Kan., while crazed with the grip jumped into a well thirty feet deep. She was rescued, the cold bath restoring her senses and health.

John Schlig, a saloonkeeper of Racine, Wis., assaulted Mrs. John Heist because she made a complaint against him for selling liquor to her husband.

John Grimes was arrested at Hastings, Neb., for trying to wreck a train on the Union Pacific.

Andrew Harms, of Peoria, Ills., while fishing was seized with a fit and fell from his boat into the lake and drowned.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Alabama."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Wm. H. Crane, "The Senator."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Private Secretary."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hallen & Hart in "Later On."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Myrtle Gems."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—"The Bottom of the Sea."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Lizzie Evans in "Fogg's Ferry."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"Our Irish Visitors."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P.H.," Gaelic Athletic Association, City—There is no chance of obtaining employment in that direction.

"CHARLES O NEILL," O'Connell-st., Upper, Dublin, Ireland—You are right. Mayor Washburne owes his election to Irish votes.

"CANADIAN," City—A Knownothing is an American Orangeman. *Thiggin tu!*

"HISTORICUS," City—Gen. James Wolfe, the conqueror of Montcalm at Quebec, was of mixed Irish and English descent. He was born in England.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

PARNELL'S NATIONAL CREED.

Mr. Parnell, since the retirement of Michael Davitt from the editorship of the *Labor World*, and from an internecine fight which, no doubt, filled him, impulsive as he is, with disgust, appears to be forging ahead rapidly among the rank and file of the Irish constituencies in all of the provinces. His attitude in the house of commons, too, has been able and dignified, and he has repeatedly tossed the Healys, Tom Sexton and other "McCarthyites" on the horns of his trenchant and aggressive eloquence. Mr. McCarthy's organs still persist in calling Mr. Parnell "the deposed leader," "the disgraced dictator," and so on, but he keeps moving around the flanks of his opponents in an eminently able way, and his strong advocacy of the new land bill, which is sure to pass, and which will be a boon to the tenants at will, has drawn the masses of the laboring people to his side. Parnell is ten times a greater man under fire than when he is left alone, as his foes are beginning to discover to their cost. He has the art of presenting the cause of Ireland the world in a broad and statesmanlike manner, as witness his recent speech at the banquet tendered him in the Moy Hotel, at Ballina, county Mayo. Said Mr. Parnell, in responding to one of the numerous toasts:

"Ladies and gentlemen, had it not been for the strength of the sentiment of Irish nationality our country would be now as any of those nations which have ceased to exist as nations. Ireland would have been a waste, practically unpeopled, without hope for her future, without a name in the world, with no sentiment attaching even to the recollection of her name. But Irishmen of today may be happy and proud that this has not been, and is not likely to be, the fate of Ireland. By the sacrifices of your forefathers, by the exertions of the men who live now, Ireland is a living force, our country is recognized wherever the English language is spoken, and in many other places besides, as the abode of a people who have to be reckoned with, who will have to be reckoned with, and who have earned the right to join in the sisterhood of nations. And when the men of Ireland are asked to surrender their birthright for a mess of English pottage, it is fortunate that they have remembered that there is a hereafter for our country, and that Ireland does not live only for herself and for the people who happen to exist in Ireland now, but that Ireland exists for all time, and that the trouble and suffering and delay of a few years are but as nothing in the life of a nation. Now we are told that Irish national rights are to be measured by English statesmen; and when did English statesmen earn this right to measure our national existence for us? I have said in times past, and I repeat it tonight, that no man can fix the limits to the march of a nation; no man can say to a people who have within themselves the means of greatness, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' We have never pawned the birthright of our country and never intend to. Having said so much on the national question, I wish to say that I am perfectly willing to welcome the attempts of any English statesman to improve the condition of our people. And if any English statesman desires doing anything in reparation let him do it. We don't wish to hinder. It will be a small return for the waste and devastation caused by his predecessors. It will be very slight restitution of all the wealth of which the men who formerly inhabited these rich lands have been robbed."

Thomas Davis himself could not have put the Irish question in a better light, and no Irishman who is really a nationalist, can help applauding the vigor and directness of Mr. Parnell's national creed. The English are again beginning to feel his power, and to respect it. He is the only man of the Irish party who seems to have the courage of his convictions, and much may be forgiven him because of the intense spirit of independence, enough to inspire even clods of political clay, which he manifests. It is a pity that his opponents continue to distract the Irish people by unworthy methods. Parnell is fit to lead all Ireland, but a section of the Irish seem determined to keep up the fatal fight against him. At the present time, the outlook in Ireland seems to be entirely in Mr. Parnell's favor.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' WOES.

Old Queen Victoria, now 73, unloosed her stalwart purse strings a little while ago, and actually advanced $1,500,000 in payment of the improvident Prince of Wales'—a true descendant of the Stuarts—debts. The shrewd and aggravatingly healthy old lady conditioned the loan heavily. In the first place she stipulated that parliament must make it good by a future "grant," to Wales, designed to reimburse herself, and, in the second place, she very wisely insisted that poor Wales, whose credit is about gone, should handle none of the money. All was to be paid by the Queen's financier to the creditors of his royal highness. Wales winced under this treatment, but what could he do? He is now fifty, fat and bald headed, and his creditors are beginning to believe that the healthy old mother, whose constitution has not been undermined, unless a weakness for "whiskey negus" has a bad effect, by excess in eating or drinking, is likely to survive the prodigal son.

The Queen's hold on life is very strong, and she is likely to live as long as her grandfather, George III., who was over eighty when he died, "a crazy old blind man in London Tower." But the Prince of Wales is consoled by the reflection that George II., George IV. and William IV. were all old men when they came to the throne. He thinks, however, that his "ma" treats him harshly, especially as he has to do most of the hard work at reviews, receptions, laying of corner stones, opening of board of trade buildings and markets, dedication of men of war, bridges, and soforth, without so much as "thank you" from the old lady in Windsor Castle. Wales is getting very tired of his job, especially as he is "dunned" whenever he leaves Sandringham House, notwithstanding the cordon of guards which generally surrounds him, and a financial man refused him the comparatively paltry loan of $25,000 the other day, on the ground that he would have to wait too long for his money. Taken for all in all, the position of the rotund and naturally jolly Prince is not an enviable one.

WE MAY HAVE A BATTLE.

The congressional idiots who loudly proclaimed a few years ago that we needed no navy, and that no power would ever dream of molesting us, ought to be ashamed of themselves in the light of recent events. Both the president and secretary of state have done their full duty in protecting the national honor, considering the forces at their disposal, and the THE CITIZEN feels confident that the present administration would never consent to arbitrate the Behring Sea question if our naval force on the disputed water was capable of exchanging broadsides, on anything like equal terms, with that of Great Britain. However there is nothing dishonorable in arbitration, and it may, after all, be the best way of solving a knotty problem, especially as the chief parties to the controversy are the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Russia. The main object of the proposed arbitration is to guard against the destruction of the fur seals in the breeding season by a mutual police system, to be adopted by the four great powers. As France, with commendable honesty, has refrained from seal poaching, it is sensibly proposed to leave the arbitriment of the matter in the hands of President Carnot, of the French republic.

But, while the administration can see daylight in the direction of Behring Sea, and while the controversy with Italy, over the New Orleans lynching atrocity, has assumed a much milder aspect, a new complication has arisen in the direction of Chili. The president of that republic is blockaded in his own ports, and our minister, Mr. Patrick Egan, from whom no word has recently arrived, with him. The insurgents appear to have got possession of most of the Chilean navy, and the regular army is going over to them in whole regiments. Warned by the experience of Great Britain in dealing with our country during the civil war, the administration is very desirous of maintaining our neutrality. This was violated on the Californian shore last week by the Chilean revolutionary privateer, the Itata, which is supposed to be convoyed by the war ship Esmeralda. The Itata succeeded in shipping her cargo of rifles, cartridges, and other warlike stores, before her character was suspected, and, after it was discovered, and a United States marshal put on board of her to prevent her departure, she coolly made him prisoner, took him to sea and landed him some fifteen miles from the point at which he embarked.

The war ship Charleston, by peremptory orders from Washington, is now in pursuit, and if she comes up with the Itata and Esmeralda there is great certainty of a fight. The Charleston is a fast, well armed cruiser, and is considered fully a match for both the other vessels. America has rarely been beaten on the ocean, and, in case of battle, THE CITIZEN has great faith that the Charleston will tow the Chileans into San Francisco harbor as prizes of war.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES IN IRELAND.

The recent violent proceedings at a Parnellite meeting held in Thurles, county Tipperary, have aroused violent passions, and point emphatically to the evil of undue clerical interference in secular matters. Nobody denies the citizen right of prelate or priest to vote according to his choice, or to exert his individual influence, as a citizen, in what he believes to be right, but the spectacle of clergymen taking an active part in riotous demonstrations, thereby scandalizing religion and setting an example of unchristian violence to their flocks, cannot be too heartily condemned by every devoted communicant of the Catholic church. THE CITIZEN regrets that the Thurles episode has again given comfort to the enemies of religion, and has created bitter feelings in the breasts of laymen toward their spiritual guides. Such active friction can have only one natural result—diminution of respect for legitimate clerical authority, and consequent weakening of the faith. The disgraceful rows, in which some priests make themselves offensively prominent, will do more to produce infidelity and indifferentism than all the former hostile legislation of England could accomplish with the ever faithful and deeply devout Irish people. It is a shocking state of affairs, and reflects little credit on the good sense of the Archbishop of Cashel, who, as a prelate of distinction and influence, should be the first to frown upon violent methods, no matter by whom practised.

The following letter on the Thurles riot, signed by leading citizens of that town, recently appeared in the Dublin *Freeman:*

THURLES, April 15.—*Sir:* As some malignant falsehoods have been circulated on the subject of Mr. Parnell's proposed visit to our town on Saturday last, we request you will afford us space in your columns to place the real facts before your readers. When we learned that Mr. Parnell on his way to Clonmel would have an hour's delay at our station we requested him to address a meeting of his supporters, which he kindly promised to do. We accordingly had posters put up announcing the matter and inviting all those in our neighborhood who were anxious to hear Mr. Parnell to attend. On Thursday we received a wire from Mr. Harrington stating that Mr. Parnell could not come, as he would be detained in London, and should go to Clonmel via Milford and Waterford. We felt that the people here would be greatly disappointed at this, and we wired back to Mr. Harrington to have Mr. Parnell come on via Thurles. To this we received an answer on Friday evening that the original arrangement would be adhered to, and that Mr. Parnell would come via Thurles. To our great surprise, in Saturday's *Freeman* we saw an announcement that Mr. Parnell had not been able to leave London in time to attend our Thurles meeting, and that it should be postponed. We at once took steps to inform our friends in the country districts that Mr. Parnell would not be here. At this time we had heard reports of the intention of the McCarthyites to break up our meeting, but we did not believe our opponents would be so intolerant as to attempt to stifle public opinion with blackthorns. The steps we took, by messengers, by telegrams, and otherwise, to warn our friends that Mr. Parnell was not coming, prove this. About 2 o'clock on Saturday small contingents of McCarthyites, with bands playing, began to arrive in town, and marched in procession to the archbishop's palace where they were addressed by his Grace. *Every procesionist was armed with a stick, and we regret to say that one or more priests similarly armed marched at the head of each contingent.* Many of the poor dupes were induced to come to Thurles by foul and abominable means. They were plied with drink, and they were asked would they not defend the archbishop's palace, which they were told was to be attacked. The people of Thurles were disposed to allow them to pass, but, emboldened by the toleration extended to them, one band should go around the town a second time, groaning and hooting as they passed the house of the principal Parnellites. When they had almost finished the second round of the town one of them cried out "Where is Thurles now?" As the reporter of a Dublin paper graphically put it, "his researches in geography were immediately satisfied, and he received an answer that will not soon fade from his memory." A fight was immediately begun, and in a moment the insulters were sent flying in every direction, many of their instruments were broken, every single drum they had was smashed, and we regret to say many of themselves received a drubbing. Such a panic seized upon the McCarthyites that they were afraid to go near Thurles railway station, and some of them went to wait their train at The Horse and Jockey, four miles away. The wagonettes that carried some of "the bold invaders" in the morning, with sound of bugle and drum, left Thurles without a single occupant, all of whom had fled and had got out of the town by the lanes and alleys and across the fields. We ask your readers what they think of this exhibition of intolerance, and this attempt to suppress the expression of a people's will.

Our opponents say that because the Most Rev. Dr. Croke is opposed to Mr. Parnell's leadership, it would be an insult to his grace to have Mr. Parnell speak in the town in which his grace resides, and his grace seems to share this opinion, for in his speech to the invaders he told them "they had nobly done their duty." When Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., and Mr. John Dillon, M. P., felt bound to differ on a political question with the lord bishop of Limerick, and when they held a meeting in Limerick to announce their views, they were, a few days after, the honored guests of his grace of Cashel, who, if he thought they had insulted his lordship of Limerick, would, we are sure, have spurned them from his door. In like manner, we and the overwhelming majority of the people of Thurles and its neighborhood, differ from the Most Rev. Dr. Croke on a political matter—viz., who is best qualified to be leader of the Irish Party, and believing that Mr. Parnell is the best qualified for the post, and that under his leadership only will any substantial advantage be gained for our country, have an undoubted right to invite Mr. Parnell to lay his views before us, and we consider that any fair-minded man must confess that the Most Rev. Dr. Croke cannot complain of our action.

Hoping that if Mr. Parnell does visit our town in the near future, his visit will be looked upon as the visit of a great political leader to his supporters, and that our meeting will not be attended with the disorder and bloodshed which unfortunately took place on Saturday last, we remain,

Frederick Burke, chairman Thurles Parnell Leadership Committee; P. Kirwan, treasurer Thurles Parnell Leadership Committee; Jas. Butler, hon. sec. Thurles Parnell Leadership Committee; John Wallace, assistant hon. sec. Thurles Parnell Leadership Committee; Laurence Ryan, solicitor; Stephen Dunn, T. C., P. L. G.; James D. Ryan, T. C.; Edward Kirwan, Thomas Hayes, C. McNamara, T. C.; D. McNamara, sec. Labor League; E. Hanrahan, Wm. Doran, Justin McCarthy, C. E., I. N. F.; Peter McBride, E. J. McCormack, Pierce Grace, Wm. Hayes, John O'Brien, Benjamin Jackman, T. C.; John Shelly, John Burke.

There was, of course, no intention whatever of attacking the archbishop's residence. Nobody was vile enough or insane enough to contemplate so base an outrage on a venerable prelate who, whatever his political faults, is respected on account of many virtues, and also because of the dignity of his position as a churchman. But the sight of priests, armed with blackthorns and marching at the head of excited mobs bent on interfering with the right of free speech, calls up a blush to the Irish American face for the very limited amount of "civilization" that even yet seems to prevail in holy Ireland. And yet the reverend gentlemen who headed the belligerent processionists, would be among the first to denounce from the altar any attempt of Irishmen to employ "physical force" against the British government in their country. In fact the thing called "moral force," which, in one form or another, has been supported by a majority of the Irish clergy for generations, has brought more scandal on the Irish character than even the poorest efforts of the Irish revolutionists. "Moral force" men, incited by the late Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Brien, mobbed Smith O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher at Limerick in 1848, and other "moral force" men outstripped even the Orangemen in ruffianism when the same gentlemen visited Belfast a few months before the Limerick episode. The recent war of factions in Ireland has given full scope to the elements of disorder in that distracted country, and it is much to be regretted that those who should be the chief advocates of peace and toleration among Irishmen, are very often foremost in stirring up the never long slumbering demon of discord in their ranks.

NOTICE.

Our traveling agent, Mr. Matthew Griffin, will visit Appleton, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette and Ishpeming during the coming week. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

THE great Major McClaughery has not taken hold of the Chicago police force up to date. Yet, strange to say, the city has not gone altogether to the devil.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has declared that during his recent continental tour, he "saw enough American flags to engirdle the globe."

THE following gentlemen have been elected members of the Irish American Club to serve for the ensuing year: President, John S. Cooke; vice-president, Arthur Dixon; treasurer, M. F. Madden; corresponding secretary, J. J. Moore; financial secretary, Thomas H. Cannon; recording secretary, J. S. Hyland; executive committee, William Fogarty, M. W. Kerwin, Thomas Shaughnessy, Thomas Hutchinson, Patrick Cavanagh.

THE mayor to the commissioner of public works—"Well, Frank, how's your J?"

MAJOR MCCLAUGHERY is somewhat rusty on his war time tactics, but he is entirely "up" on "the lock step."

THE water is worse than ever since the new administration took hold.

THE quality of gas at present supplied to the citizens of Chicago is simply damnable. It is somebody's duty to look into the matter.

FOR God's sake, McClaughery, hurry up and take your position. Babies cry for you in Chicago. Help us, O modern Cassius, or we sink.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY, who is now commander-in chief of the British forces in Ireland, is reported to have been converted to Home Rule. He has even, it is alleged, volunteered the opinion that the granting of such a measure would not be "dangerous to the empire" from a military standpoint. THE CITIZEN was not previously aware that Home Rule had any interest for Mars.

WHEN Major McClaughery arrives, he will pay close attention to the "stars," but he cannot entirely forget the "stripes." That would be unnatural.

SECRETARY BLAINE is reported seriously ill at Washington. This is a bad time to have him laid up. The Charleston and Itata have not yet been heard from.

MAJOR MCCLAUGHERY must have more baggage than a Roman Emperor on a campaign. He has been nearly a month getting his trunks together. Meanwhile all Chicago is longing for his advent, and the public shrieks, "Where, oh where, is McClaughery?

THIRTEEN hundred thousand strong, and not a man in Chicago fit to be chief of police! This is 'orrible.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Marcus Sullivan, a farmer, of Firies, near Killarney, was arrested for having arms in a proclaimed district.

The erection of a new Roman Catholic church for the large and increasing congregation of Castlebar will shortly be commenced, and every effort is being made by the esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Lyons, to have the undertaking vigorously pushed forward.

John Nihill, a farm hand of Mr. Stewart, of O'Gonnelloe (Clare) was arrested for cattle stealing. He has been returned for trial to the quarter sessions.

Experiments with a new invention, a water cycle, was witnessed by some hundreds of persons in the Liffey at O'Connell Bridge, Dublin. It was manufactured by Messrs. Weston & Rea according to the design of Mr. Bowden (Bowden & Co., Bachelor's walk). The water cycle consists of a platform erected in the middle of a canoe, which is divided, the paddles, or the pedals, going into the water. It is evidently ridden with great ease. The rider, Mr. Weston, started from Ringsend and came up to O'Connell bridge. He was piloted by two boats. Having gone near the metal bridge Mr. Weston returned and alighted at the steps at Bachelor's walk. The rider while working does not touch the water.

A public hall is to be erected in Enniscorthy.

At the last meeting of the Shilleagh poor law guardians Earl Fitzwilliam was unanimously re-elected chairman; Messrs. Frank Brooke, J. P., and Edward Byrne, J.P., were unanimously elected vice-chairman and deputy vice-chairman respectively.

In Newry, on April 15, all the men who had been on strike from the firm of Messrs. Carvill Bros., timber merchants, Merchants' quay, resumed work. Messrs. Redmond & Co's men also went to work.

Mr. E. Byrne, of the Dublin *Freeman*, has been elected chairman of the Irish Association District of the Institute of Journalists.

A young school teacher named James McGrorty, was drowned in the river Bann, at Coleraine, on April 14.

The Rev. William Meagher, C. C., who was transferred to Cahir parish about twelve months ago, has now been transferred to St. Mary's, Irishtown, Clonmel, to replace the Rev. Father Dunphy, who has been appointed curate of the Cathedral. Rev. J. J. Egan, C C., has been transferred from Kilsheelan to Cahir.

On Tuesday in Easter week a profession and reception took place in the Convent of St. Brigid, Tullow. The lady professed was Miss Margaret Tierney, (in religion Sister M. J. Columba) daughter of Thomas Tierney, of Prosperous, county Kildare. The young lady who received the habit was Miss Lizzie Kinsella (in religion Sister M. Magdalen), fifth daughter of Thomas Kinsella, Dublin.

Thomas Kirwan, of Ballycurran, four miles from Rosbercon, was riding homeward on April 10 from the fair of New Ross when he fell from his horse and received a serious fracture of the skull.

On April 14 the residence of James Sinnott, a farmer residing at Munrowe, about three or four miles from Enniscorthy, was burned to the ground, and the occupants narrowly escaped being burned to death.

Mrs. Elizabeth Somers died at her brother's residence, Rathnure, on April 10th.

The long standing dispute of the Glensharrold estate has been satisfactorily arranged.

The steamship City of Carlyale recently discharged a cargo of 1 500 tons of flour at Sligo for Messrs J & E. J. Tighe, shipped from Portland, Oregon.

On April 3 Rev. Mother Mary Magdalen Burke died at the Convent of Mercy, Ballinasloe. Deceased was a native of Tipperary and was born in 1821.

Mrs. Patrick O'Dowd, of Doocastle, died recently. Deceased was a niece of Rev. Canon Stenson, P.P., of Bunninadden.

At the last meeting of the Boyle board of guardians, Lord De Freyne proposed and Col. Cooper seconded that Lord Kingston be elected chairman for the ensuing year. Mr James Lindsey, C.C.T., proposed, and Mr. Patrick Mullany seconded, Mr. Patrice Martin, Nationalist. A poll was taken with the following result—Lord Kingston 23, Mr. Martin 21. Several ex officio guardians came specially from London to vote for Lord Kingston, and left again by the 3 o'clock train.

Malachy Hogan, Henry street, Limerick, died on April 16.

By the accidental explosion of some blasting powder, near Upton, county Cork, a man named Beasley was killed.

The following advertisement appeared in the Dublin *Freeman*: "The next of kin of William Pillon, late of Hazelgrove, near Charleville, in the county of Cork, who died at Kilmallock workhouse on the 11th day of December, 1890, will on applying to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of September, 1891, hear something to their advantage.—George Liston, Solicitor, Kilmallock, and No. 4 Dame street, Dublin.

The police hut which had so long done duty at Coolkeerane, near Millstreet station, from whence Cornelius Dennehy was evicted some eight or nine years ago, was removed to the lands of Rahalisk, near Macroom, where John Mahony has had some trouble of late.

April 20 Messrs. Crowley and Hickey, auctioneers, Bandon, put up for sale at Inchigeela the interest of the tenant in part of the lands of Gurtanree, containing 80a 1r 35p, held as yearly tenant under Martin Hayes at the yearly rent of £12 10s; poor law valuation £9. The farm was knocked down to John Callaghan, Grousemount, county Kerry, for £220, and auction fees at 5 per cent. Michael Purcell, solicitor, Macroom, had charge of the sale.

Following is an interesting story from a Sydney paper: "The 'Colleen Bawn,' a typical Irish drama, is now being produced in Sydney. The original Hardress Cregan was transported to Botany Bay, and settled in the Queanbeyan district. He happened to be down when Boucicault's play was first played in Sydney. Ignorant of the contents, he went to see it, and became so affected that he died in a week."

The Tramore races are announced for Aug. 12 and 13. The events will include the Curraghmore plate of £100, and the Waterford plate of £100.

At the Mogherafelt petty sessions Catherine McGuiggan sued District Inspector John Reilly, R.I.C., for £300, for, as alleged, wrongfully entering her lands and premises, and for breaking open and destroying the door of her dwelling house. The evidence showed that the district inspector went to the plaintiff's house at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 18, with the view of arresting her son. He had no warrant. The plaintiff alleged that on the occasion in question the door of the house was forced open by the police. This was met by the defendants with a flat denial. A decree for 20s was granted.

An outbreak of fever has taken place in Midleton. The doctors report that four cases occurred during last week. On the suggestion of Dr. O'Brien the guardians decided to have every house in which fever occurred at once disinfected.

At the Newry board of guardians the clerk reported that a deposit receipt for £20, and three bank notes of £1 each, were found on the person of an old woman who had just died, and had been receiving outdoor relief. It was decided to hand the receipt and notes to the treasurer of the union.

A preliminary meeting was held in Kilkenny for the purpose of arranging to hold a dog, flower, and poultry show there this year. It was decided to hold the show on Wednesday and Thursday, July 7 and 8.

During the week ending April 21, 2,201 emigrants left Queenstown for America.

Mrs. Mary Meany, mother of the late Stephen Joseph Meany, was buried on April 21 by the side of her son in Dromcliffe churchyard, county Clare.

The Kilkenny races were held on April 29 and 30.

Three horses, the property of Arthur Langford, the notorious evictor at Rowla, near Meelin, were seized by a sheriff's officer for debt at the instance of K. B. Williams of Mallow.

The great Irish land owners should put up a statue to Mr. Balfour. Out of the money advanced under the Ashbourne act and its extensions the Marquis of Bath has had £290,504, the Duke of Abercorn £267,604, the Duke of Leinster £244 365, the Salters' Company £230 502, the Marquis of Waterford £123 556, the Fishmongers' Company £117 844, the Skinners' Company £103 492, and Sir Thomas B. Leonard £106,803.

The Galway hunt steeplechases were held at Knockbarron, Loughrea on April 23. The meeting was a success.

Michael Austin, Cork, who has been appointed to represent Irish labor on the Royal Labor Commission, was entertained at a complimentary banquet by the Cork Typographical Society, of which body Mr. Austin has been a member for the last twenty years.

A man named Patrick Twomey was arrested in Midleton on a charge of stabbing a young man named Denis Donovan with a penknife, thereby inflicting grievous injuries. The accused was remanded for eight days.

At the Bantry petty sessions a boy named Desmond was charged with "burning a wood," the property of the Earl of Kenmare, on the 19th inst. The accused was returned for trial, bail being refused.

Two men named Lawrence Hayes and Patrick Murphy were arrested on a charge of assaulting and attacking the dwelling house of Alexander Sweeney, Kilkee, on the night of April 22. They were brought before Mr. Scott, J.P., at the police barracks, Leonard, county Clare, and, on the application of District Inspector Dunning were remanded.

Surgeon General Thomas Farrant, A.M.S., Charleston, Queenstown, was sworn in a justice of the peace for the country of Cork, in the petty sessions court, Queenstown.

Most of the tenants on the Loughrey estate (Tyrone) who signed agreements with the landlord, Col. Lindsay, to purchase their holdings under the Ashbourne act, have been officially notified that the necessary loans will be granted by the land commission.

Among the passengers who landed in Queenstown on Sunday, April 22, was the Most Rev. Dr. Healis, Roman Catholic bishop of Natchez, Miss. He left Ireland twenty-three years ago, and is traveling to Rome.

An inquest was held at the Kilkeel workhouse on the body of a man named Hugh Edgar. He had been working in a quarry, when a rock fell upon him, inflicting injuries so serious on his legs that the doctors decided to amputate both of them. Shortly afterwards, however, he succumbed. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Everybody knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

LOST ATHLONE.

The Story of How the Gallant Irish Fortress, After Sustaining two Sieges, was Finally Conquered Through the Folly of St. Ruth.

One of the Saddest Events in the Checkered History of Ireland.

Here, then, is the true version of the final "magnificent" assault upon Stout Athlone. The immense display of strength, and bravery, and determination brought to the front were wise in their way; it made a show to the world of gaining, with brilliant courage and in the face of tremendous difficulties, a place they knew had been left an easy prey by the overweening pride and the folly of St. Ruth.

That noon of June 30, St. Ruth, seeing the enemy turned back, completely routed, from the bridge; noticing too the signs about their camp of preparations for retreat, had fallen into the fatal error of abandoning himself to security, while the Shannon alone still divided him from the foe. Assuring himself that the day was won, that the English, beaten at all points, would at once abandon the siege, he gave himself up to the rejoicings of victory, withdrew his army and staff to the camp at Beul-na-Meula, neglecting or scorning the advice of even his own countryman, D'Usson, who urged that a force of well-appointed soldiery should be left to guard Athlone, and be so placed as to be able to ward off any sudden sally made by the English. There was disunion in the council, owing to St. Ruth's temper and refusal to place confidence in his generals. Even the three regiments left to garrison Athlone were but recruits, and, by some strange fatality, they were sent on duty without even a round of ammunition.

Still, all had not been lost had St. Ruth been but a little less self confident. Gen. Maxwell, who commanded the castle, suspected that an attack was being organized in De Ginckel's camp. He sent to St. Ruth, urgently stating his fears. The Frenchman, who, it is said, was at the moment

CELEBRATING HIS VICTORY

by entertaining at his quarters his officers and the neighboring gentry, replied that it was impossible the English should make the attempt after being beaten as they were, and tauntingly sent Maxwell word that if he was afraid, another general would take his post.

Sarsfield, vigilant and assured of the danger, put aside his private feelings and besought the Frenchman to send aid to the town before it should be too late. He was answered with insult, and told "to mind his own business." In the midst of a passionate scene a message came—3,000 of the English had crossed the Shannon and were already in possession of Athlone.

Athlone was lost. The town that had been held with such undaunted bravery—that had survived a bombardment in which were used 12,000 cannon shot, 600 shells, fifty tons of of gunpowder and many tons of stone.

There is little use in going into what followed the disaster of that evening. A few days later, St. Ruth paid with his life, and Ireland has paid during 200 years, for the rash folly of one man.

And still every Irish man and woman in Athlone will relate, with sorrowful regret, the tale of its fall; with pride the stories of Col. Grace, of Col. Fitzgerald, and his devoted band, and how Sergt. Custume and his dragoons died for Ireland on the bridge of Athlone.

Col. Grace fell during the siege, fighting to the last. His body was found among the ruins, and buried in St. Mary's. His portrait is preserved by some members of the family yet residing at Ballyphin.

As for the traitors of that day, their memory, too, will live while one of the descendants of those they sold is in Athlone to tell their deed. I never heard the names of both, but of one I did. The first time we ever went to the river's side to look at the scenes of those eventful days, a man, seeing that we were strangers, kindly volunteered to point out every spot on either side the Shannon. He was a simple tradesman of the town, but right well could he relate every incident, marking every detail by pointing out each spot in the neighborhood. "Ah!" he concluded,

"WE HAD NEVER LOST ATHLONE, BUT FOR A TRAITOR!

I won't speak it out, for there's yet some of the name in the county, and it might be cast at them." He lowered his voice to tell the name—for there were children standing near—and I found later on that, wherever that name remains in the county, there is, as we say, "a slur upon it." Doubtless its owner in 1691 was rewarded well by grants of the lands of some patriot who fought for Athlone and Ireland. De Ginckel was created first Earl of Athlone; one of his officers, Hamilton, who volunteered in the last attack, was granted "principally for his conduct in this affair at Athlone" 5,383 acres of land.

On a lovely September afternoon this year we spent an hour in the neighborhood around the hamlet of Beul-na-Meula, about two and a half miles southwest of Athlone. It is a pretty spot in the midst of those quiet, homelike scenes that are characteristics of all the country around. The little hamlet consists of a few neat houses shut in from the world by hedgerows and trees. A little stream, which gives its name to the place, flows away by the meadows below the hamlet to where a great mill—now a thriving woolen mill—stands in the midst of fields. A bohereen branching off, just near the mill, leads to a cozy farm with flower knot and two sun dials (there are a great many sun dials in this part of Ireland) beside it, and a friendly dog and a kind little girl accompanied us round to the bawn where stands the ruin of the old stone mansion, now called St. Ruth's Castle, where, as every peasant along the road will tell you, "St. Ruth danced on the night before the battle."

Up against the wall of the old castle our little guide had made a child's play out of broken china. A poet would have made something fine out of that.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Union Catholic Library Association.

The members of the Union Catholic Library Association enjoyed a rare literary treat in their rooms Friday evening. Rev. P. J. Agnew, the talented speaker, entertained them reviewing Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, "The Light of the World." A large audience was present and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monahan, Mr. and Mrs. David Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Conlan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McGuire, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cooke, Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. Col. Mulligan, Mrs. James Walsh, Mrs. James E. Eagle, Misses Katherine Coffey, Alice Nugent, Adele Mulligan, Alice Coffey, Sallie Gaynor, Rosie Gaynor, Mollie Onahan, Lizzie Kehoe, K. Prindiville, Belle Prindiville, Addie Sheahan, Addie Walsh, Rebecca Gallery, Mamie Donahoe, Lydia Donahoe, Josie Murphy, Sara Hickey, K. Hyland, Agnew, Alice Mooney, Lizzie A. Smith, Mary Smith, Mr. Farrell, A. Mullin, Annie Herely, Christine Cartan, Aggie Cartan, Mollie Bremner, Belle Bremner, Norton, Kate Walsh, M. Walsh, A. O'Connor, Susie Cowan, Mary Cowan, Mary Hogan, Alice Keary, May Keary, Messrs. E. E. S. Eagle, Maurice St. P. Thomas, Dennis Leahy, Ed J. Quinlan, James Quinlan, John E. Murphy, Hon. James O'Connor, J. H. Murphy, M. F. Raftree, Charles Hickey, Thomas Breen, James A. Hickey, T. J. Darcy, N. Foley, M. Helmhurst, James Prindiville, M. Ennis, John Donahoe, John Maloney, M. R. Healey, A. Cahill, J. J. McDonald, D. V. Gallery, John B. Minogue.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Roger Vail, well known all over the northwest as a fearless champion of Irish and Catholic rights, sails this week for a visit to Ireland and the continent. Mr. Vail will describe Irish matters for some of the leading American papers. That he takes with him the heartfelt good will of his fellow citizens in Minneapolis is certified by the fact that on his departure from that city he was presented with a purse of $500. THE CITIZEN bespeaks for Mr. Vail a cordial welcome in the old land.

Through the Weary Hours

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A gamekeeper in the employ of Lord Headley was attacked while returning to Castleisland, and his revolver taken from him. A man has been arrested.

GUION LINE.



NEW YORK. QUEENSTOWN. LIVERPOOL.

Seven Days' Mail Steamers.

First Cabin Rates from $50, Second Cabin $30, and Steerage $18. Drafts on Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, London and Glasgow.

Cramer & Co.

GENERAL AGENTS,

60 S. Clark St., Sherman House,

CHICAGO, ILL.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business on the 4th day of May, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$8 029,651.64
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.		10,838.14
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, par value		50,000.00
Other bonds, par value		203,700.00
Due from National banks	$1,466,657.36	
Due from State banks and bankers	443,829.82	
Exchanges for clearing house	602,689.03	
Bills of other banks	62,030.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1 918.26	
Specie	1,835 000 00	
Legal-tender notes	985,000.00	
U.S. certificates of deposit for legal tenders	500,000 00	
		5,987,124.47
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Due from U.S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund		1,000.00
Total		$14 284,624.25

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		800,000.00
Undivided profits		150,930.21
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Dividends unpaid		827.50
Individual deposits subject to check	$7,262,529 05	
Demand certificates of deposit	751,733 83	
Certified checks	209,562.67	
Cashier's checks outstanding	380,998.97	
	$8,595,824.52	
Due to other National banks	2,563 897.46	
Due to State banks and bankers	1,108,144.56	
	$3 692,042.02	
		12 287,866.54
Total		$14,284,624 25

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.—I, Wm. A. Hammond, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of May, 1891. ARNOLD BEACH, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: WM. R. PAGE, GEORGE SCHNEIDER, CHAS R. CORWITH, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business May 4, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$18 917,606.94
Overdrafts		1,991 59
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
United States bonds on hand		41,300 00
Other stocks bonds and mortgages		1,443 795 07
Bank building		500,000.00
Due from other national banks	$2,115,286.79	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,713,896.46	
Checks and other cash items	742.15	
Exchanges for Clearing House	1 388.907 58	
Bills of other banks	472,245.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	6.865 97	
Specie	5 754 435 00	
Legal-tender notes	2,600,000.00	
Redemption fund with U S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U.S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund	13,000 00	
		13,466,868.95
Total		$34,421,562.55

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund		2 000,000.00
Undivided profits		786,263 45
Dividends unpaid		3,033.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$11,481,322.50	
Demand certificates of deposit	1 241 440.05	
Certified checks	8:3 852.56	
Cashier's checks outstanding	650,709.04	
Due to other national banks	8,629,561.79	
Due to State banks and bankers	5,795,280 08	
		28,632,166.10
Total		$34,421,562.55

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.—I, H. R. Symonds, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. R. SYMONDS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of May, 1891. HOLMES HOGE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: SAMUEL M. NICKERSON, EUGENE S. PIKE, SAMUEL W. ALLERTON, Directors.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE GLOBE NATIONAL BANK

Chicago, at the close of business, May 4, 1891. (This bank began business December 22, 1890.)

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$1,247,466.15
Overdrafts	44.59
United States Bonds	50 000 00
Sundry Stocks	2,000 00
Expenses, premiums, etc	19 366 10
Due from other Banks	370,799.64
Cash	756,661.72
Due from United States Treas.	2,250.00
Furniture and Fixtures	4,400.00
Total	$2,452,888.20

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$ 934,770.00
National Bank Notes	45,000.00
Undivided Profits	30,129 90
Deposits	1,442,988.30
Total	$2,454,888.20

Oscar D Wetherel, president; Melville E. Stone, vice-president; D. A. Moulton, cashier.

DIRECTORS.

Melville E. Stone, Gustavus F Swift, Wm. H Harper, Robert L. Henry, Morris Rosenbaum, Everett W. Brooks, James L. High, Amos Grannis, Oscar D. Wetherell, Alson E. Clark, Samuel H. Sweet, Bernard A Eckhart.

WILLIAM B. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,

36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,

CHICAGO.

RELIABLE AGENTS ONLY WANTED for exclusive sale of a great Catholic work strongly recommended by the Most Rev. Archbishops and Rt.-Rev Bishops. Good chance to right parties. Apply, with references, BENZIGER BROS., 36 & 38 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

H. R. EAGLE

We are not all through with the painters and carpenters, but we at least have more room and can care for your wants more readily. We will make this week a

Bargain Week,

As the following prices will show:

Price's Baking Powder, per can	14 cents
A 3-Tie well-made Carpet Broom for	10 cents
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb	9 cents
1-lb package Best Corn Starch for	5 cents
50 Clothes Pins for	2 cents
A good Clothes Line for	6 cents
A Patent Clothes Prop for	17 cents
Imported Maccaroni, per lb	7 cents
Condensed Milk per can	9 cents
A 1-lb Can Salmon for	9 cents
A gallon Can Apples for	25 cents
Tetlow's Swan Down Face Powder, retails 25c per package, our price	10 cents
Spalding's Hardwood Boys' Professional Base Ball Bat for	5 cents
Pyle's Pearline, per package	2½ cents
Package containing 25 American Ball Blue for	1 cent
Half Pint Lea & P. Worcestershire Sauce for	19 cents
Quart Bottle Lea & P. Worcestershire Sauce for	49 cents



THE EAGLE REFRIGERATOR.

DRY AIR CIRCULATION—CLEANABLE FLUES.

The outer case is made of the best ash and oak and thoroughly kiln dried. The panels are one piece and mortised into the rails, making it PERFECTLY AIR TIGHT. The inner case is a kiln dried odorless wood, lined with zinc. It is the filling we call particular attention to.

Charcoal and sawdust are both absorbents, and noxious vapors and gases are generated by them. They are also liable to shake down and are but fair non-conductors. THE PATENT NON-CONDUCTING FIBRE FILLING is the best now in use, and is not only used for these refrigerators but also as a covering for steam pipes and over steam boilers, as their non-conducting qualities are the best for the purpose. So with our refrigerators. No hot air can penetrate them when closed. The floor of the provision chamber is on a level with the bottom of the door, making it easy to keep clean should anything be spilled thereon. The finishing is done in Shellac and best Coach Varnish, and these refrigerators are not only a piece of useful furniture but ornamental as well. Mounted with casters and everything first-class.

Do not buy a refrigerator with empty walls, which allow heat and dampness to penetrate into it, when you can buy an Eagle Patent Non-Conducting for the same money.

A full line, all sizes and all arrangements to meet ALL wants,

$4.87

And Upwards. BE SURE TO EXAMINE THEM.

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans Table Peaches	17c	2.00
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	23c	2 65
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Green Gages	17	2.00
3 lb cans California Apricots	20c	2 25
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1.50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	7c	84
Gallon cans Apples	25c	3 00
3 lb cans Table Apples	9c	1 05
2 lb cans Table Blackberries	7c	.82
3 lb cans Wild Sweet Black berries	17c	2 00

"The finest fruit ever packed. When you eat them you will recall the times you used to play 'hookey' and steal off to the woods to pick wild blackberries yourself."

WHITEWASH BRUSHES.

	Each.	Per Doz.
6 inch "Daisy," good for 1 job.	6c	$ .70
6 inch "Star," brass bound	15c	1 50
7 inch "Star," brass bound	20c	2 00
6 inch "Gem," black Bristle, brass bound	14c	1 55
7 inch Extra Mixed Bristle, brass bound	36c	3.50
8 inch Extra Mixed Bristle, brass bound	36c	3.50
9 inch Chicago. This is a well made, large brush, white bristle outside, mixed inside, brass bound and good value	68c	7.00
7 inch Eclipse. This is a regular made mechanics' brush, white bristle, brass bound, well made, and intended to wear	83c	9.00
8 inch Eclipse, same as above, only one inch larger	92c	10 50
9 inch Eclipse, same as above, only one inch larger	$1 05	11 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

1 lb package Bird Seed for	3c
A good Wash Board for	5c
A good Scrub Brush for	5c
4 packages of Tacks for	3c
Dwight's Baking Soda, per lb	5c
Pint Bottle Salad Dressing for	9c
Quart Bottle Salad Dressing for	18c
A 5 lb pail Pure Fruit Preserves for	59c
A 2 lb jar Pure Fruit Jelly for	9c
C. & B. Jams, per jar	19
Condensed Mince Meat, per package	8c
Ring Pepper Sauce, per bottle	9c
Best French Capers, per bottle	13c
Potted Ham, per can	9c
We have just received a lot of Pure Maple Syrup, made from this years' run of sap. Gallon cans for	90c
Half Gallon cans for	50c
Half Pint Table Sauce for	10c
Parmesan Cheese, per bottle	5c
Hyman's Sweet Pickles, per bottle	12½c
Quart bottle C & B. Chow Chow for	49c
Imported Edam Cheese, each	59c
Fancy jugs Van Camp's Best Catsup	29c
Job Lot Smoking Tobacco, per lb	10c
Prepared Mustard, per bottle	5c
A can best Scrubbing Lye for	5c
Large Tin Toys, each	1c

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1.45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	7c	.80
3-lb cans Baked Beans	10c	1.15
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1.70
3-lb cans Pumpkin	7c	.80
2 lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1.25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1 05
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 70
2 lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	11c	1 25
This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.		
2-lb cans Rival Sweet Corn	10c	1.10
2-lb cans S & W Standard Corn	8c	95

TEAS.

	Per Lb.
Fancy Japan Tea Dust	9 cents
Basket Fired Japan Tea	15 cents
Pan Fired Japan Tea	17 cents
Gunpowder Tea	19 cents
New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea	25 cents
Mixed Gunpowder and Oolong	25 cents
Very Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea	40 cents

SOAPS.

	Per Box.	Per Bar.
New York Oleine, 80 bars in box	$1 60	2 cents
Cream City Savon, 72 bars in box	1 82	2½ cents
Telephone, 60 bars in box	1 85	3¼ cents
DesMoines Royal Savon, 60 bars in box	2 25	3¾ cents
Fairbank's German Mottled, 72 bars in box	2 88	4 cents
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 bars, 60 lbs in a box. This is the best laundry soap in market	2.65	5 cents
The same, packed 20 bars, 20 lbs in box	98	5 cents
James S. Kirk's Standard, 60 bars, lbs	2 34	4 cents
Kirk's White Cloud, 100 large bars	5.00	.....
Kirk's American Family, 60 bars, 60 lbs	3.24	.....
Fairbank's Santa Claus, 100 bars	4 00	.....
Babbitt's Best Soap, 100 bars	4 20	.....

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl.... $5.78

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Suerlative Patent Flour, per brl.... $5.58

Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.... $5.28

COFFEE.

Our After-Dinner Java Coffee at 25 Cents per lb.

Is the cheapest and best Coffee in the city. Many thousands of our customers will speak of its excellence.

STEP LADDERS.

3-foot	36 cents
4-foot	39 cents
5-foot	49 cents
6-foot	59 cents
7-foot	69 cents
8-foot	73 cents
10-foot	89 cents

SPICES.

¼ lb can Pure Ground Pepper for	5c
¼ lb can Pure Ground Cloves for	5c
¼ lb can Pure Ground Mustard for	5c
¼ lb can Pure Ground Allspice for	5c
Bulk Baking Powder, per lb	9c

DRIED FRUITS.

Evaporated Blackberries, per lb	5c
California Raisins, per lb	5c
Spanish Prunelles, per lb	15c
California Peaches, per lb	13c
Pitted Cherries, per lb	24c
A 20 lb box California London Layer Table Raisins for	$1 29
Turkish Prunes, per lb	9c

Peeled and Evaporated.

California Peaches, per lb	19c
Leghorn Citron, per lb	15c
Orange Peel, per lb	12c

FISH IN TINS.

	Per Can.	Per Doz.
1 lb cans California Salmon	9c	$1 05
1 lb cans Our Taste Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	19c	2 20
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	10c	1 10
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	18c	2 10
American Sardines, in oil	5c	55
Mustard Sardines, large cans	7c	84
Imported Sardines, in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10
3 lb cans Broiled Mackerel, in mustard	23c	2 65

H. R. EAGLE & CO., GROCERS,

68 and 70 WABASH AVENUE.

RHINEGOLD.

Beneath the mystic winding stream
The Rhinemaids warded well the gold;
And, like dim voices in a dream,
Their song a thrilling legend told.

"He who molds a ring from this
Shall rule the earth and air above;
But first he must renounce the bliss
And wondrous joy of woman's love."

So ran the old delusive lay
That set man's heart and brain at strife;
But Love proclaimed a better way,
For he is lord of human life.

First win the woman's priceless grace,
Then weld the ring of virgin gold;
Upon her hand the circlet place;
Then love is power, and both you hold.
—W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

A GHOST STORY.

"All ghost stories may be explained," said Mrs. Marchmont, smiling rather scornfully, and addressing a large circle of friends and neighbors who, one Christmas evening, were seated round her hospitable hearth.

"Ah! you think so? Pardon me if I cannot agree with you," said Mr. Henniker, a well known Dublin barrister, of burly frame and jovial countenance, famed for his wit and flow of anecdote.

The ladies of the party uttered exclamations in various keys, while the men looked attentive and interested. All that Mr. Henniker pleased to say was wont to command attention, in Dublin at least.

"So you think all ghost stories may be explained? What would Mrs. Marchmont say to our old woman in the black bonnet, Angela?" And the barrister turned to his quiet little wife, who rarely opened her lips. She was eager enough now.

"I wish I could quite forget that old woman, John, dear," she said with a shiver.

"Won't you tell us, dear Mrs. Henniker? Please—please do!" cried the ladies in chorus.

"Nay, John must tell that tale," said the wife, shrinking into herself as it were.

No one knew how it happened that the conversation had turned upon mesmerism, spiritualism and other themes touching upon the supernatural. Perhaps the season, suggesting old fashioned tales, had something to do with it; or maybe the whistling wind, mingling with the pattering of hail and rattle of cab wheels, led the mind to brood over uncanny legends. Anyhow, all the company spoke of ghosts: some to mock, others to speculate; and here was the witty lawyer prepared to tell a grave tale of his own experience.

His jovial face grew stern. Like the Ancient Mariner, he addressed himself to one in company, but all were silent and attentive.

"You say all ghost stories may be explained, Mrs. Marchmont. So would I have said a year ago; but since we last met at your hospitable fireside my wife and I have gone through a very astonishing experience. We 'can a tale unfold.' No man was better inclined to laugh at ghost stories than I.

"Well, to begin my true tale. We wished for a complete change of scene last February, and Angela thought she would like to reside in the same county as her sisters and cousins and aunts"——

"Dorsetshire, I believe, Mrs. Henniker," interrupted the lady of the house.

Angela nodded.

"I intended to take a house for my family, leave them comfortably settled in it, and run backward and forward between Dorsetshire and Dublin. Well, it so happened that I did leave them for a single day during the three months of my tenancy of the Hall. I had seen a wonderful advertisement of a spacious dwelling house, with offices, gardens, pleasure grounds—to be had for fifty pounds per annum. I went to the agent to make inquiries.

"'Is this flourishing advertisement correct?' asked I.

"'Perfectly.'

"'What! so many advantages are to be had for fifty pounds a year?'

"'Most certainly. I advise you to go and see for yourself.'

"I took the agent's advice, and Angela was enchanted with the description I was able to give her on my return. A charming little park, beautifully planted with rare shrubs and trees—a bowery, secluded spot, so shut in by noble elms as to seem remote from the world. The house—such a mansion as in Ireland would be called manor house or castle—large, lofty rooms, thoroughly furnished, every modern improvement. My wife, as surprised as myself that a place of the kind should be going for a mere song, begged me to see the agent again, and close with him. It was done at once. I would have taken the hall for a year, but Mr. Harrold advised me not to do so. 'Take it by the quarter, or at least by the half year,' he recommended.

"I replied that it appeared such a desirable bargain that I wished to take it by the year. His answer to this was a reiteration of his first advice. I can't tell you how he influenced me, for he really said no more than I tell you; but I yielded to his evident wish without knowing why I did so, and I closed with him for six months, not a year."

"Glamor, Mr. Henniker!"

"It would seem so, Mrs. Marchmont. We went to the hall, and Angela was delighted with it. The snowdrops lay in snowy masses about the grounds—the garden gave promise of beauty as the season advanced. How the children ran over the house! how charmed we were with every nook and corner of it! Our own bedroom was a comfortable, large room, opening into a very roomy dressing room, in which my wife placed two cribs for our youngest boys, Hal and Jack"——

"Don't forget to say that our bed chamber opened from a sitting room," interrupted Mrs. Henniker.

"Well, for three weeks we all slept the sleep of the just in our really splendid suite of apartments. Not a grumble from our servants—nothing but satisfaction with our rare bargain. I was on the point of returning to dear, dirty Dublin and the Four Courts, when"——

"When? We are all attention, Mr. Henniker."

"Angela and I were sitting in the drawing room under the bed chamber I have described, when a loud cry startled us—'Mother, mother, mother!'

"The little boys were in bed in the dressing room. Angela dropped her teacup and dashed out of the room, forgetting that there was no light in the rooms above us.

"I caught up a candle and followed her quickly. We found the children sobbing wildly. Jack's arms were almost strangling his mother, while he cried in great excitement, 'Oh, the old woman in the black bonnet! The old woman in the black bonnet! Oh—oh—oh!'

"I thought a little fatherly correction would be beneficial, but Angela would not suffer me to interfere. She tried to soothe the little beggars, and in a few minutes they were coherent enough in their story. A frightful old woman, wearing a black bonnet, had been in the room. She came close to them and bent over their cribs, with her dreadful face near to theirs.

"'How did you see her?' we asked. 'There was no candle here.'

"She had light about her, they said; at any rate, they saw her quite well. An exhaustive search was made. No trace of a human being was to be found. I refrained from speaking to the other children, who slept in an upper story, though I softly entered their rooms and examined presses and wardrobes and peeped behind dark corners, laughing in my sleeve all the while. Of course we both believed that Hal had been frightened by a dream, and that his little brother had roared from sympathy. Don't breathe a word of this to the servants, whispered Mrs. Henniker.

"'I'm not such a fool, my dear,' I replied. 'But pray search the lower regions, and see if Jane and Nancy have any visitor in the kitchen,' she continued. 'She came through your door, mother, from the sitting room,' sobbed Hal, with eyes starting out of his head.

"'Who, love?' asked his mother.

"'The old woman in the black bonnet. Oh, don't go away, mother.'

"So Angela had to spend the remainder of the evening between the children's cribs.

"'What can we do tomorrow evening?' asked she. 'I have it! Lucy shall be put to bed beside Jack.' Lucy was our youngest, aged two.

"All went well next night. There was no alarm to summon us from our papers and novels, and we went to bed at 11, Angela remarking that the three cherubs were sleeping beautifully, and that it had been a good move to let Lucy bear the other two company. I was roused out of a sound sleep by wild shrieks from the three children.

"'What! More bad dreams? This sort of thing must be put a stop to,' I said, and I confess I was very angry with the young rascals. My wife was fumbling for the matchbox. 'Hush!' she whispered, 'there is somebody in the room.' And I, too, at that instant felt the presence of some creature besides ourselves and the children. The candle lighted, we again reconnoitered—nothing to be seen in dressing room, bedroom or the drawing room beyond, the door of which was shut. But the curious sense of a presence near us—stronger than any feeling of the kind I had ever previously experienced—was gone. You have all felt the presence of another person unseen. You may be writing—you have not heard the door open, but though your back is toward the visitor, you know somehow that he has entered.

"Quite true, Mr. Henniker—but there is nothing unnatural or unpleasant in that sensation."

"Nothing, of course; I merely instance it to give you some idea of what we felt on that occasion. We were astonished to find the sitting room untenanted. Meanwhile poor Hal, Jack and Lucy shrieked in chorus, 'Oh, the old woman in the black bonnet! Oh, take her away!'

"Poor Angela, trembling, hung over the cribs trying to soothe the children. It was a good while before they could tell what had happened. 'She came again,' said Hal, 'and she came close, close to me, and she put her cold face down near my cheek till she touched me, and I don't like her—oh, I don't like her, mother!'

"'Did she go to Jack and Lucy too?'

"'Yes, yes; and she made them cry as well.'

"'Why do you not like her? Is it the black bonnet? You dreamed of a black bonnet last night, you know,' said I, half puzzled, half provoked.

"'She's so frightful,' cried Hal.

"'How could you see her? There was no candle.'

"This question perplexed the little boys. They persisted that she had a light about her somewhere. I need hardly say that there was no comfort for us the rest of the night. 'If any one is trying to frighten us out of the place I'll be even with him yet,' said I. My wife believed that a trick had been played upon the children, and she was most indignant.

"Next day the cribs were removed to the upper story, and Charlotte and Joanna, our daughters of twelve and fourteen, were put to sleep in the dressing room. We predicted an end to the annoyance we had been suffering. The nurse was a quick tempered woman, who would not stand any nonsense, and Hal's bad dreams would be sternly driven away. We settled ourselves to our comfortable light reading by the drawing room fire. Suddenly there was a commotion overhead; an outcry—surprised more than terrified it sounded to us. Angela laid her book down quickly and listened with all her ears. Fast flying footsteps were heard above; the clapping of a door; then—scurry, scurry—the patter of bare feet down the staircase. We hurried across the hall, and saw Charlotte in her nightgown returning slowly up the kitchen stairs with a puzzled expression on her honest face.

"'What on earth are you doing, child?' cried Angela.

"'I was giving chase to a hideous old woman in a black bonnet, who chose to intrude upon us,' panted Charlotte. 'I saw her in our room; I jumped out of bed and pursued her through your room and the sitting room. Then I saw her before me going downstairs, and I ran after her, but the door at the foot of the kitchen staircase was shut. She certainly could not have had time to open it, and I don't know where she can have gone to.'

"This was Charlotte's explanation of her mad scurry downstairs. Her downright sensible face was puzzled and angry.

"'So you see the little ones must have been tormented by that old wretch, whoever she is. They didn't dream it, father, as you thought. Wouldn't I like to punish her!'"

"What a brave girl!" cried Mrs. Marchmont.

"Brave? Oh, Charlotte's as bold as a lion! She went back to bed; and when we followed her, in a couple of hours, she was sleeping soundly. But I can't say either of us slept so well. If a trick was being played upon us it was carried out in so clever a manner as to baffle me completely. I need not say that I made careful search of every cranny about the handsome house and offices; and if there was a secret passage or a door in the wall anywhere it escaped me. We had peace for a fortnight, and then the annoyance recommenced.

"Angela's nerve was shaken at last, and she began to whisper, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio'"——

"John, you are making a story," interrupted Mrs. Henniker.

"It is every word true. I am coming to an end. Angela, in spite of her disclaimer, did believe in a ghost in a black bonnet. Charlotte believed in her, but did not care about her ghostship. The nurse and cook and housemaid declared they were meeting the horrible appearance constantly, and they were all three in a mortal funk. As to the children, they would not leave off clinging to their mother, and fretting and trembling when evening came. The milkman, the baker and the butcher all told the servants that we would not be long at the hall, for nobody ever remained more than a month or two. This was cheerful and encouraging for me."

"But you had never seen the charming old woman all this time?"

"No; but I saw her in the broad daylight. I had a good long look at her, and a more diabolical face I never saw—no, not even in the dock. I was writing letters in the study about 12 o'clock one morning, when I suddenly looked up, to see the appearance that had excited such a turmoil in my family standing near the table. A frightful face—a short set woman dressed in black—gown, shawl, bonnet—this was the impression I received. But she looked quite human—quite everyday—there was nothing ghostly in her air—only the evil face curdled one's blood. I stared at her, and then I took up a folded newspaper and threw it at her. My motive in so doing was to frighten her who had frightened my wife so much. Courtesy such a creature need not expect from me, being, as her villainous countenance proved, one of the criminal class. The newspaper fell upon the floor, after apparently going through the figure, and there was a vacuum where it had been. I was not much shaken, however, although my theory of a human trickster dressed like a woman seemed overturned."

"Did you tell Mrs. Henniker what you had seen?"

"Naturally I did. At this period we talked of nothing else. She saw the apparition twice herself. Once she entered our dressing room and saw the figure bending over a sleeping child (it faded as she looked); another time she was with me in the drawing room, when she laid down her book and whispered, 'See, see, near the door!' There, sure enough, was the appearance that had visited me in the study in clear daylight. I did not make her out quite as distinctly now because our candles did not light up that end of the long room, or my older eyes were not as good as Angela's."

"What did Mrs. Henniker do?"

"She started up and ran to catch the old woman in the black bonnet."

"And did she catch her?"

"She caught a shiver—nothing more!

"After this I resolved to give up the hall at once, sacrificing four months' rent for the sake of my wife and children, whose nerves would have soon become shattered had we remained. I went to Mr. Harold and told him how disagreeable the place was to us. He was grave and very guarded in manner, confessing that no tenant stayed more than a couple of months at the hall—that his client certainly made considerable in consequence—that he had done his utmost to find out what was wrong with the house, but all in vain. Mr. J—— would not speak about it, and when strenuously urged to explain replied emphatically, 'I shall never tell you the story of that house.'

"We dismissed the servants with handsome presents at once on our return to Dublin, so desirous were we that the children should never be reminded of their terror. I think they have not heard the old woman in the black bonnet spoken of since we left the hall, and the younger ones have probably forgotten her. As to us, we can only say that the mystery is unexplained."—Argosy.

Whoa.

A little Indian boy who attends school at Oldtown, Me., takes an intelligent interest in his lessons and does not simply learn them by rote.

The teacher had been giving instruction in punctuation, and closed by saying emphatically:

"Now, when you come to a period you must stop!"

A little black eyed girl then got up to read, and went on in a reckless manner, paying no attention to the periods, whereupon the bright little Indian boy poked her in the side and called out lustily:

"Whoa!"—Youth's Companion.

A Difficulty Overcome.

Tommy—Papa, they say Jordan is a hard road to travel, don't they?

Papa—Yes.

"Jordan is a river, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't they swim it."—Texas Siftings.

BIG CRIMINALS GONE.

INSPECTOR BYRNES TELLS WHY THEY LEFT NEW YORK.

The Police Followed Them Too Closely. Metropolitan Detectives Advertised by Photograph—Well Known Crooks Both in This Country and in Europe.

If Inspector Byrnes is to be believed, high class professional criminals are a passing generation. The inspector does not mean by this that high class crimes have ceased, nor that they are any less numerous than heretofore, but that the professional who had the skill to plan great crimes and the daring to execute them is no longer a distinguished feature of city life.

"Twelve years ago," said the inspector, "there were bold, defiant and skillful bands of criminals in this city. They followed crime as a profession. They lived by stealing large sums of money in the lower part of New York. They were to be seen daily on Broadway, parading their ill gotten gains in diamonds, in fine clothes, and in lavish expenditures of money. They scarcely took the trouble to conceal their method of gaining a living. In fact, there was little necessity for concealment. In many cases they so carefully covered their tracks that the law was not able to fasten crime upon any one of them. In other cases, and these were the more numerous, they avoided the consequences of their acts by compromise.

"The person who was robbed preferred to get back some part of his money rather than to take high moral ground and punish the thief. So they made New York their headquarters and their chief field of operation. These men were, many of them, well educated, and all of them clever. Their plans and their object were on the most extensive scale. In this way millions upon millions of dollars were stolen. They worked in gangs of from four to six. Each gang formed a close corporation, and there was no fear of betrayal.

BREAKING UP THE PROFESSION.

"About twelve years ago this began to change, and has continued to change ever since. The police officials began to pursue new methods with the criminals, and the new methods were successful. These professionals were brought in and photographed, and their photographs were spread abroad, so that their faces became pretty well known. They were sent up to the penitentiary whenever there was a chance for conviction, and an impression became prevalent among them that the old time 'honor among thieves' existed no longer. They began to suspect that there were traitors. Whenever four men came together to do a job each looked askance at the three others and each feared that one of the others might be leaking to the police. When their confidence was gone the stampede began. They soon were convinced that New York was not the place for them to operate. They still made New York their headquarters, however.

"With this city as a base of operations they worked the inland towns and Baltimore and Boston and such cities along the coast. My business then became the work of following them up there. Whenever a crime was reported from another city, and the criminals were thought to be New York thieves, our force helped to hunt them down. In this way many of the high class criminals were arrested here and sent to other cities, where they were convicted and sentenced to good long terms.

"Another field which they could work with New York as a base was Europe. When they no longer found it profitable to work in New York some of the best of them crossed over and forged and robbed in England and Germany and France. I have known these men to make two trips a year, and to return each time with the spoils they had gained somewhere or other.

THE THIEVES OF TODAY.

"We did not lose sight of them, however, but opened communication with the authorities over there. Sometimes we got information that a raid was to be made, and forewarned the officials over there, so that the thieves were captured, or the attempt thwarted at least.

"So it has come to pass that the great professionals, so notorious fifteen years ago, are no longer heard of. They are in other parts of this country or in Europe. Many of them are in penitentiaries. Nor have they left any successors behind them. The men of the present generation who are criminals at heart do not pursue professional methods. There have been few graduates of late years into the high class stealing business, and there will be fewer still. No one should infer from this that there are no more professional criminals. There are thousands of them—hundreds in New York—and they are breeding all the time. But the new criminals are all young. They are not nearly so dangerous as the old generation, because they have neither the intelligence nor the adroitness.

"The professional thieves of New York are today an insignificant set, stealers of small things, clothing, a few bits of jewelry, the contents of a sidewalk showcase. When they commit highway robbery it is upon a poor man walking through the darker parts of the city. But it must be said for them that in these little thefts and crimes they are more daring than were the big thieves in their great crimes. For the big thieves were wary as well as bold, and knew the consequences and feared to take desperate risks. But these young small thieves know nothing of the consequences of crime and so do not care."—New York Sun.

What War Has Cost France.

War, without counting the Tunis and Tonkin expeditions, has absorbed 13,641,612,008 francs, and the naval movements 3,473,761,853 more. Independent of these sums we must add the expenses on account of liquidation—namely, 1,575,633,933 francs for the replacing of materials and stock annihilated during the war of 1870-71, and 98,026,148 francs allotted to the navy for the same purpose, which shows that war has cost France 83,040,000,000 since 1870.—Chicago Herald.



They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "nerves.")
And the poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;
She grew better at once and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of "female weakness," yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and cause distress; is as peculiar in its curative effects, in the diseases that afflict womankind, as in its composition. It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive remedy for "female weaknesses" and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper. You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will.

The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only *one* that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."



Taken away

—sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the *good* you get. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

IS LYING NECESSARY?

An Experience in Truth Telling That Wasn't a Gaudy Success.

A great many persons pretend to sadly deplore the fact that society is ever telling a great many little white lies. Frankness is strongly recommended and people are praised for saying just what they think.

Frankness appears very admirable in theory, but it is quite another thing in practice. A certain amount of deception seems really necessary for the welfare of society, and the man or woman who tries to get on wholly without it is likely to have few friends and many enemies.

It is said that the minister of a certain Chicago church became disgusted with the untruthfulness of mankind and preached a vigorous sermon in denunciation of society falsehoods. He declared that lies told out of politeness were just as wicked as those told with deliberate intention of deceiving. In fact, these society lies get folks into the habit of lying, and they readily pick up the other kind.

The sermon made a great impression upon the hearers. Many of the congregation resolved to reform then and there.

Coming out of church Deacon Jones said to Judge Badger, who sat in front of him, "Judge, I hope you didn't mind my putting my feet under your pew?" The judge was about to reply, "Oh, certainly not;" but he thought of the sermon and answered:

"I did, though; your old boots took up all the room and were a fearful nuisance."

"Well," said the deacon, "the hair oil you use smells so it nearly forced us to leave the pew."

They glared at each other, and just then Mrs. Badger and Miss Jenkins came along. Miss Jenkins had asked:

"How do you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, I thought it just lov—" began Mrs. B., and then she thought of the sermon and continued:

"No, I didn't either. It is a horrid thing, and I wouldn't be seen with it on."

While these honest conversations were going on Mrs. Smith had said to her next door neighbor, Mr. Murray:

"I hope the crying of our baby last night didn't disturb you?"

And Mr. Murray replied:

"No—that is—yes, I wanted to brain the brat."

And then Mrs. Smith called him a wretch and wept. Then the minister came out and asked young Symonds how he liked the sermon. Symonds said:

"It was a grand ef—er—. No, parson, it was blamed nonsense."

"Sir!" said the parson, and he drew himself up very indignantly.

Just then Smith and Murray, after being real frank with each other and telling a few plain truths, clinched, and Deacon Jones was trying to hold Miss Jenkins from scratching Mrs. Badger.

It took tremendous efforts to stop the rows and prevent a scandal, and as it was, every one went away mad with everybody else.

The minister went home and meditated in a gloomy frame of mind for three hours, and finally concluded that society lying was wicked, but he would not preach against it again. It was altogether too handy and necessary a sin to be given up.—Chicago Herald.

A Peculiar Fate.

The supporters of the much disputed theory of spontaneous combustion have received fresh grounds of belief from the case of Milton Hardcastle, of Baltimore, whose remains were found nearly consumed in his shanty on the outskirts of that city.

Hardcastle was an old negro of unknown age, enjoying a small monthly income left him some years ago by his former owner, Colonel Eustace Hardcastle.

It is said that the negro consumed a gallon and a half of whisky a day, and would often buy and drink the pure alcohol in large quantities, often for days at a time partaking of no other nourishment.

He lived alone, being of a singular, taciturn disposition, so that it was some days before he was missed, but his shanty was observed to remain closed, and search being instituted he was found in his bed burned nearly to a crisp, while the mattress and clothes were only slightly scorched.

The room was in perfect order, and no trace of fire was found on the hearth, which was swept clean, and as Hardcastle was known to have been unique among negroes in never smoking the whole affair seemed shrouded in mystery.

Dr. Everhardt was called upon by the authorities to make an investigation, and gave as his opinion that it was a case of spontaneous combustion. In this he has been supported by several other prominent physicians, who agree in declaring the circumstances admit of no other explanation.—Exchange.

A Hint to Teachers.

Don't give up the boy who sits in the back seat and wears his coat collarless, his hair non a la Pompadour, and his finger nails in mourning,—who won't learn his lessons and who will get into mischief. I knew a teacher who had a pupil just like him. She showed interest in him; she visited his parents, and didn't act as if their language and manners made them devoid of all fine feeling. She asked him to help her about some work after school one night, and said: "By the way, John, we know each other pretty well now. I like you and I hope you like me. I want you to do something for me, will you?"

"If I can," was the answer.

"Come to school tomorrow with a collar, comb your hair nicely and pare your finger nails. You see I like you as you are now, but I want other people to like you too, and they won't if you are careless about your appearance."

Do you think the boy hated her? No. He was never seen untidy after that evening. He graduated from the high school with honors, and is today filling a responsible position in society. He swears by that teacher. She made a man of him.—Lucy Agnes Hayes in Journal of Education.

Expelled from France.

LONDON, May 11.—A report has reached this city from Paris to the effect that Mr. R. Cunningham Graham, Liberal member of parliament for the northwestern division of Lanarkshire, Scotland, has been expelled from France because of utterances offensive to the French government which he is alleged to have made at a Socialist meeting held in Paris.

WE EXPECT TOO MUCH.

MARRIED PEOPLE DEMAND UNREASONABLE ATTENTION.

Why Love's Young Dream Is Often Sadly Dispelled Shortly After the Honeymoon Is Over—Why Man's Taste Is Generally Different from Woman's.

The much discussed question, "Is marriage a failure?" came up at a small social gathering a few evenings since. In the company were an old bachelor, a widow, several married people and a couple of young persons who were absorbed in unsuccessful attempts to persuade the company that they never heard of such a thing as love's young dream.

Various opinions were advanced and some little warmth was becoming evident in the remarks of some of the married guests. The bachelor was cynical, the youngsters somewhat shocked and sorrowful and the entire company uncomfortable.

At length a lady who had hitherto remained silent was appealed to for her opinion.

"If we judge by the amount of happiness we find in families," she said, "I think we may call it a failure, for a perfectly harmonious household is very hard to find. There is so much selfishness and so much indifference displayed, so much and so little you, that the instinct of self preservation springs up and takes alarm, and the individual is at once put upon the defensive as to his or her rights.

"Young people marry and begin their homelife on a wrong basis. Courtship and marriage, while often merely an incident to the man, is all absorbing to the woman. She dreams about it, lives in it, worries and cries over it, and throws her whole life into the ideal as she has read it in books. Her ideal husband is always gentle, tender and considerate; always comes home with a smile on his face, and, although burdened with care and perplexed with business, is never other than a hero. She is quite likely to forget the ideal man can be very disagreeable when he is hungry, and finds little to comfort him in kisses and blisses if the laundress has failed to bring home his linen, or he hasn't a qtiet corner where he may sit down and rest.

"For man is a more solitary creature than woman. There is an old legend to the effect that God's original plan was to create woman the mother of the race first of all, but, in his far seeing wisdom, he decided that a woman should never be alone in the world; so man was created first, that she might find a companion even in her earliest hours of existence, and from her infancy she craves society, and all through her girlhood has her little girl friends, and their association is much more intimate than that of the boy with his mates. And all through her young days how she confides in her girl associates and tells them all of her little secrets, reads her first love letter to them, and tells them all about the ideal which she has fashioned and clothed with graces as with a garment. How natural that she should carry a great deal of this ideal into her married life and expect love and devotion all of the time, and that the husband will be as devoted and as self sacrificing as the lover.

"But all the same he isn't, and she feels chilled and unhappy when, after one greeting kiss, he looks beyond to see if there are signs of dinner, or frowns if there are a number of girl friends scattered all about the house, putting an end to the quiet, restful hours he feels he needs so much after the day's business. He is certain that she cares less for his society than that of the girls, and naturally resents it. He thinks he married and had his home as a place in which to be quiet and comfortable, and makes up his mind that he will put a stop to all this company. Then he reflects that he is selfish and a brute, and will do nothing of the sort.

"But such reflections never make the average man happier. He doesn't like to admit, even to himself, that he is wrong, and the necessity for doing so nettles him. And they both get irritated and petty jealousies spring up, and there are sharp words and bitter feelings, and everything goes wrong. Perhaps good sense comes to the rescue, and they come to a perfect understanding, but much oftener they grow worse, until he rushes away to the club, and she sits down to mope and worry, perchance to cry; or, following his example, seeks congenial society, and their lives end in dissipation or an open rupture.

"And all because each expects too much of the other. Indeed, this is the keynote of almost all unhappiness in life. We expect too much. Our ideal is too high, and not finding plain, practical facts to meet it, we are disappointed and discouraged, and become soured and cynical.

"It sometimes happens that two people who have passed through some of the severest trials of existence, and have learned wisdom from the things they have suffered, two such congenial spirits may meet, and with the experiences of years stamped on their lives and characters may establish a home on a basis of mutual concession and unselfish love, and each may spend his or her remaining years in the acknowledged effort to make up to the other what life lacked aforetime. Such homes are rare indeed, but when they are found I am certain that neither the members of the household nor the few friends who are permitted to share the beauties of their inner lives will go away declaring marriage a failure.

"Such a home is a stronger plea for the marriage relation than any series of arguments that the most learned and skillful theorist can bring forward. But such relations are rare, indeed, in early life. It is only when the spirit has been trained to quiet toleration of the irritating trifles of life that such mutual concession seems possible. One sided gentleness is dangerous to family peace of mind, as it is almost certain to develop a tyrannical and overbearing disposition in the party. Comradship and genuine respect are the best and safest spirit and outlasts the fever heat of passion and the storms and sunshine of adversity and prosperity."—New York Ledger.

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"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did no. use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

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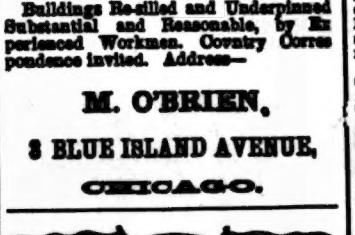
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St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

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St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Grimm, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 9441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 1253 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 2023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; B A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Fara hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 499 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Montager, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Beidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legenia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 961 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 33 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 195 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 548 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 290 W Thirteenth st; John McBhen, F S; John J Mernell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 E Boyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 336 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmar, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Billadaner, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 98 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 300 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kriage, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 294 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briehl, C R, 507 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 261 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiembach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

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Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2336 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. sec., William Corcoran, 3259 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hoseli; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Lotus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 2302 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 5749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 2 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., B. Feeney. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J F Doheny, 2359 Hanore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Beerdan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 3 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3385 South Halsted st, at 3 p m.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1882, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

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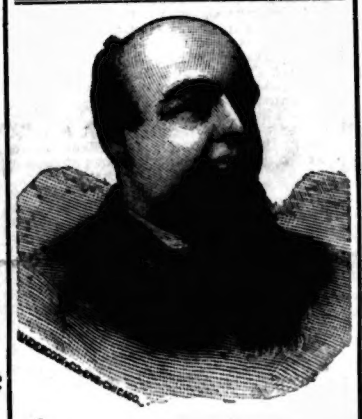
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The Smoke and the Smell that my infancy knew!
But those days of Soft Soap and consequent anguish,
Have long since departed, we pray and we hope;
The use of the stuff 'gan to wane and to languish
As soon as they offered us

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